RENOVATIONS AND REVOLUTIONS . . . By Lindsay Rogers

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
JUL 15 '43

VOLUME XXVI No. 28 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

AN OPEN LETTER TO W. R. BENET
by Thomas W. Lamont

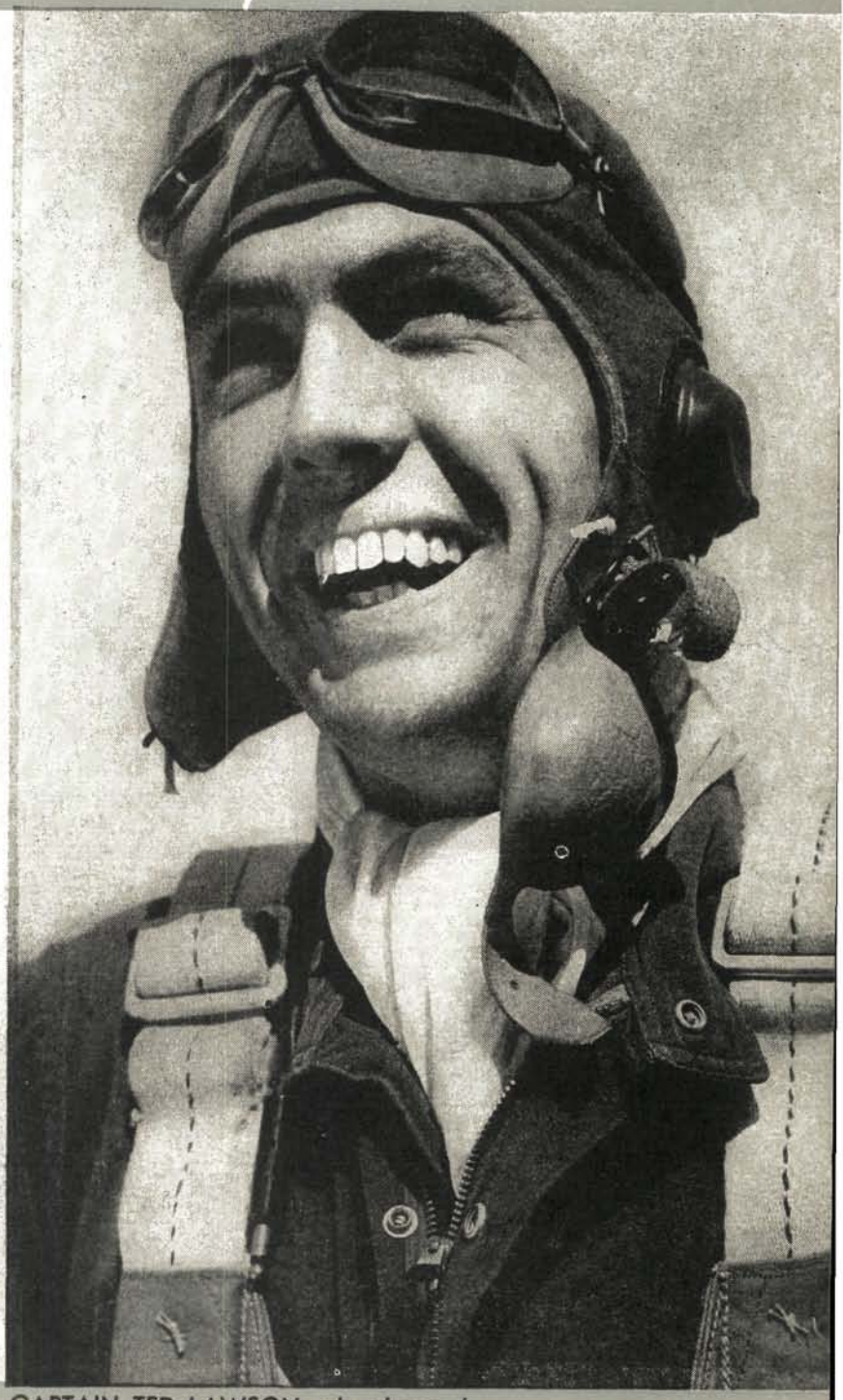
"THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO"
by Captain Ted Lawson
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"WESTERN STAR"
by Stephen Vincent Benét
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

"THE UNKNOWN ARMY"
by Nikolaus Basseches
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus

"ATTACK CAN WIN IN '43"
by Max Werner
Reviewed by Squadron Leader Murray Harris

"KATHERINE CHRISTIAN"
by Hugh Walpole
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts



CAPTAIN TED LAWSON, who dropped Easter eggs on Tokyo . . . (See page 5)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FRENCH SECRETARY (perfect knowledge of French indispensible), fast steno-dactylo, if possible accustomed to French literature. Start $40 weekly. Write full details. Box 186-H.

INFORMATION IS NEEDED for a biographical thesis regarding Maurice C. Fields, deceased Negro poet. Box 185-H.

WON'T you do your bit in this war? We urgently need volunteers for Emergency Canteen Work in hospitals, and motor drivers for ambulances. Please apply to American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps —Major Cowen, 730 Fifth Avenue, tenth floor.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie unrationed; a log fire; no radio.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

ARTIST, gentleman, seeks relative correspondence with accented femininity over 25. Box 158-H.

MEXICO BOUND? Casa Scott, Taxco, Gro, Mexico, offers perfect climate, beautiful views, and excellent cooking. Reasonable.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

NEW YORK BOUND? No sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant, and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $72.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites —parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenettes—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager, for reservation. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. A Pension near the sea for those who want informal tranquillity. Weekly rate, thirty dollars.

WANTED: A kind home for four black kittens of uncertain ancestry and literary background to be relinquished only to persons of impeccable kindliness. Box 183-H.

MAN, dark hair and eyes, welcomes correspondence with lady. Box 182-H.

PERSONALS

WILL BUY any French newspapers, magazines, or books (even very old and in bad condition). Make offer to Box 187-H.

SOUTHERN LAWYER, suddenly bereft of domestic ties, seeks letter companionship of attractive lady. Box 181-H.

BEARDLESS PROMETHEUS, much too disconsolate in big city, seeks stimulating penned distractions from a young distractive Pandora. Box 180-H.

HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON: Charming historical house to share, summer or longer. Beautiful setting, terrace, fireplaces. Seven minutes walk to easy commutation. Writer, husband in service, prefers business girl or writer. Your part, only $35 per month. Sure to go quickly. Hastings 2183-J or Box 179-H.

BACHELOR seeks young lady correspondent; music and literature. Box 184-H.

ITINERARY FOR A PHAGOCYTE—copy $1.50 postpaid. Write Box 188-H.

YOUNG MAN, naive and disillusioned, interested in poetry, psychology, and anthropology, would like to hear from female correspondents. Box 189-H.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN with dreams she does little about would enjoy hearing from male of similar proclivities. Box 190-H.

MUSICIAN-COMPOSER, middle thirties, desires position as secretary-companion to congenial gentleman. College degree. Available October first. Box 191-H.

WANTED TO RENT: a furnished house in pleasant suburban neighborhood, with good schools for children aged 8, 10, and 16. Within 50-mile radius of New York or Boston; access to bus or railroads. Children strenuous but not destructive. Would accept maid with pleasure. Box 192-H.

DOMESTICATED YOUNG WOMAN JOURNALIST wants typing, editing, ghosting, or other homework. Can accept outside assignments evenings. Box 193-H.

DORSET—Our Garden Room, with seven windows, looking out on the Green Mountains, has become available the remainder of season. Especially good food. Two weekly, $77. Mrs. Sears, Dorset, Vermont.

COUNTRY HOUSE, gardens, trees, garage, shore. Six rooms. Thirty-minute nickel fare, central Manhattan. Fifty dollars. RAvenswood 8-8329. Box 194-H.

CABIN in the Hemlocks AND Manhattan Garden apartment—professional woman will share with congenial woman. Box 195-H.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues. 20c.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

ALICE WAINWRIGHT—LITERARY ADVISER. Ghost writing, manuscripts typed, shorthand. 108 E. 38th, New York, LE 2-6044.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

HOW AUTHORS WRITE—Book of instruction for writers; send for free circular. UNIVERSITY PRESS, Saint Louis, Missouri.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS, RARE BOOKS. Fine Prints. Flowers, birds, fashion. Old Playbills. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

LANGUAGES

PHONOGRAPH COURSES. Mail Orders. All Languages. Booklet. SR. LANGUAGE SERVICE. 18 East 41st, New York, N. Y.

WOULD YOU LIKE EXTRA COPIES OF THESE ISSUES TO SEND TO FRIENDS?

•

Jan. 23—Old South Regional Number

Jan. 30—Guide to Books on Music

Feb. 27—Guide to Books on Gardening

March 20—Guide to Books on Foundations of the Peace

March 27—Stephen Vincent Benét Memorial Issue

April 10—Pan-American Number

April 17—Spring Book Number

May 22—New England Regional Number

May 29—Panel Discussion on "What Shall We Do with Germany?"

June 5—Guide to University Press Books

•

A limited supply available at the regular newsstand price of 15 cents per copy.

Readers' Service Division,
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Renovations and Revolutions

The Separate Worlds of Harold Laski and Isabel Paterson

LINDSAY ROGERS

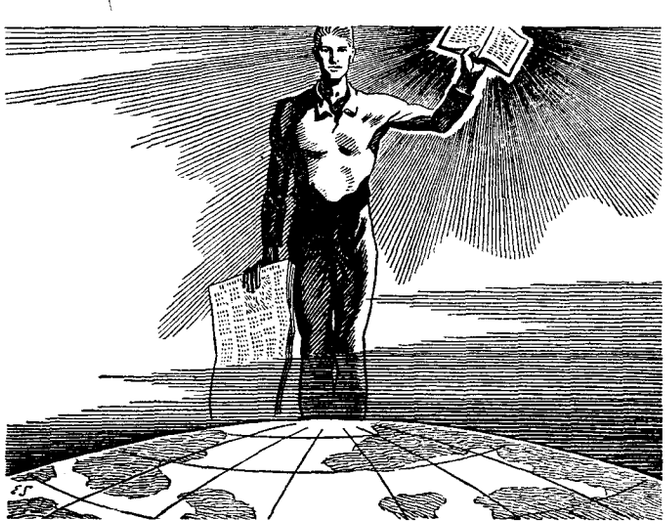
IN a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, an old adage tells us, but it is also true that there is wisdom in only a few of them. Counsellors on the nature of the times through which we are passing and on how to win the peace are legion. Mr. Laski* is a wise counsellor. Some readers may think that his wisdom is perfect and his logic impeccable. Those who hesitate to be convinced should at least ponder his analysis and be certain where and why they disagree. For whether or not it carries conviction, this repetitous, deadly serious, and far from optimistic book is a tract for the times that cannot be ignored. Not only now and then, but repeatedly, the author reaches heights which make eloquent passages in the score of books that he has previously written seem pale and sicklied. For example, he has this to say about the impact of America upon our civilization:

> It gave something like the status of unbreakable law to the notion that no man is the permanent victim of a fixed destiny. From the *voyages imaginaires* of the seventeenth century, we can trace how America has domesticated the ideas of liberty and equality in the mind of the common man. From the travelers of the eighteenth century we can learn how it broke routines which had been held a part of the order of nature. The American War of Independence acted on the age it illuminated with something like the force of a new gospel; it gave to the basic ideas of democracy a status to which, despite themselves, the leaders of the counter-revolution are forced to pay homage. Since Washington was transformed from a rebel into an immortal, there has been no privilege anywhere that has felt complete assurance about its foundations. Not only had the right of rebellion been accorded a vindication which has permanently altered the pattern of men's thoughts; it was given a vindication which has built itself, however imperfect the realization, upon the premise that men were created free and equal. That was declared a self-evident truth; and there is a vital sense in which all later history has been an attempt to discover the institutions through which that premise may be expressed.

Magnificent?

The argument is in part one which Mr. Laski made a dozen years ago in a different setting. Then he was dealing with "Democracy in Crisis." Anticipating an election which would give a Labor Government a clear majority in the House of Commons, and assuming that responsibility of office would not diminish ministerial ardor or inspire doubts that would be used as excuses to delay action, Mr. Laski asked what would happen when a Socialist Cabinet attempted to drive a program of drastic legislation on to the Statute Book. Would this be possible by peaceful means? Over the years the propertied classes in Great Britain had been willing to bear a larger and larger share of the costs of social legislation. That was the price they were willing to pay for the preservation of their privileges. Now the attack would be on privilege as well as on the purse. Would labor's demands, made through a Socialist Cabinet, be so great that the propertied classes would refuse to pay? Would the resistors use the House of Lords to delay the legislation? Would the King be prevailed upon to resort to his atrophied power of veto? In a much-quoted introduction that he wrote for a new edition of Bagehot's "The English Constitution," Lord Balfour declared that the success of representative government in Great Britain derived from the absence of irreconcilable differences between political parties. They were agreed on fundamentals and they quarreled over details and the time table of action. Mr. Laski anticipated that when an irreconciliable issue emerged, the British genius for compromise might be tested and found wanting.

NO Labor Government got a clear majority in the House of Commons. Under Conservative leadership Great Britain stumbled down the abyss towards war. When dire catastrophe was imminent, Churchill brought the



—*From "The Four Freedoms."*

**REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION OF OUR TIME. By Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 719 pp. $3.50.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principal Labor politicians into a Coalition Ministry. With the total mobilization of the country for war, privilege well-nigh vanished. The Provost Marshal General is penalized for having an unauthorized ration book. The duchess and the char may occupy the same air raid shelter. The duke and the costermonger have the same rations of clothing and butter. If it has not as yet done much "leveling," drastic taxation will make great wealth rare. No part of the nation will hesitate to accept any measure that is proposed as necessary to win the war, but the Churchill Government refuses to plan for the post-war period and the Labor Ministers are the prisoners of its inertia.

On the use to be made of the victory, we have as yet only pious platitudes from the principal leaders of the United Nations. Mr. Churchill refuses to speculate. To cease being platitudinous, he has said, would be to become controversial. Lord Halifax and Secretary Hull want freedom of trade, economic well-being, and political and religious freedom. The Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms embody high ideals, but in language so vague that it means different things to different men. No leader has given even a faint indication of how the ideals can be realized.

But the times in which we live are geared for "revolutionary change that is likely to be as profound as any in the modern history of the human race." With the defeat of Hitler "democracy will be in jeopardy everywhere unless it expresses an economic system capable of offering the world expanding welfare." Democracy can thrive only when its economic society is expansionist, and it has not been that since 1919. There then began the interwar period of disillusionment and mass unemployment. Interwar conditions were a challenge to the democracies to undertake great reforms in the social and economic fields, but the ruling classes were unwilling to experiment. Only in the United States, after the severity of the 1932 depression spread panic, was invention substituted for routine and even here it was haphazard and uncoördinated. "We reach," says Mr. Laski, "the fantastic position in a capitalist regime that war is necessary to obtain that full employment internally which makes possible domestic peace."

The situation which victory is likely to bring will be more serious than that of 1918. Demobilization problems will be much more difficult. The attitudes of those demobilized will have no precedent in terms of the last time. Aerial and mechanized warfare require talent and spirit different from trench warfare. Not only has there been extensive experience with mass unemployment but the workers "have been educated to the point where they resent their unemployment as a proof of inadequacy in the social process." The decline of religious beliefs will eliminate one possible stabilizing influence. There will be an "absence of that secret consolation which in an earlier day has given hope amid suffering to many of the disinherited." Christians are less inclined than they formerly were to endure distress cheerfully and comfort themselves by thinking that they are thereby fortifying their hopes for a happy hereafter. Bernard Shaw put the point more crudely when he once defined beer as the anesthetic that made the British workingman's life endurable.

The democracies must do one of three things. They must achieve recovery on such a scale as to remove any belief in their incapacity to govern. For this an undirected capitalist system will not suffice. Welfare cannot be attained "within the framework of the protective relations capitalism imposes." It will be necessary, therefore, to "transcend those relations if we wish to maintain democracy." It is barely possible that Mr. Laski overemphasizes the maturity of capitalist society and underestimates the recuperative powers on which it can draw. But even if this is the case a good deal of political direction will be essential and it will have to be much more intelligent than the lessons of the past lead us to believe that it will be.

THE second alternative is for the Middle Class to give up its democracy and "attack the historic institutions of the working class through which the disbelief in its capacity to rule is organized into action." Italy, Germany, and France have taken that road. German and Italian planning have been for the privileged few and to make war machines. Attempts to make a counter-revolution cannot be ruled out for either the United States or Great Britain. If successful, they would destroy freedom at home and result in imperialism—and, later, foreign wars—abroad. Hence the only tolerable course is the third: to "inaugurate fundamental changes which permit the adaptation of the relations of production to the forces of production. It must, that is to say, inaugurate that rarest of historic phenomena, a revolution by consent."

Great Britain and the United States have planned for no more than victory in the field. Their plans for peace should be made and announced before it comes, for only the "atmosphere of war permits and even compels innovations and experiments that are not

This Week

Features

PAGE

RENOVATIONS AND REVOLUTIONS
By Lindsay Rogers 3

AN OPEN LETTER TO W. R. BENÉT
By Thomas W. Lamont 7

Reviews

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO
By Captain Ted Lawson
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 5

WESTERN STAR
By Stephen Vincent Benét
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon 6

RADIO NETWORKS AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
By Thomas Porter Robinson
Reviewed by C. J. Friedrich 8

THE UNKNOWN ARMY
By Nikolaus Basseches
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus 9

ATTACK CAN WIN IN '43
By Max Werner
Reviewed by Squadron Leader Murray Harris 10

THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION
Edited by Edmund Wilson
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones 11

DANCING SAINTS
By Ann George Leslie
Reviewed by Philip Van Doren Stern 11

KATHERINE CHRISTIAN
By Hugh Walpole
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 16

VOICES OF HISTORY 1942-3
Edited by Franklin Watts
Reviewed by Hans W. Weigert 17

THE FALL OF PARIS
By Ilya Ehrenburg
Reviewed by Richard R. Plant 19

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES
Edited by Jack Goodman
Reviewed by Phil Stong 20

BENCHLEY BESIDE HIMSELF
By Robert Benchley
Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue 20

THE PEOPLE'S PEACE
By Representatives of the United Nations
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe 21

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE, 1920-1942
By Manley O. Hudson
Reviewed by Hans W. Weigert 21

Departments

EDITORIAL 12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 13
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 14
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 16
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 3 18
CRIMINAL RECORD 19
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 22
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NO. 485 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 28, July 10, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1943.

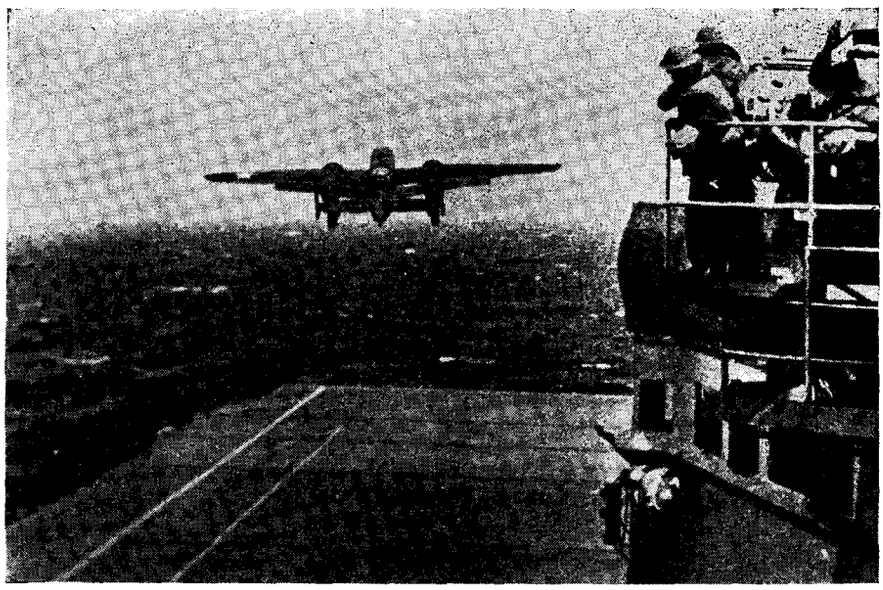
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible when peace returns." After Dunkirk, the British Cabinet could have made any proposals it wished in the House of Commons and any program would have been accepted, no matter how drastic in respect of monopoly and privilege. Mr. Laski thinks that it is still not too late for Mr. Churchill to use his great prestige as a War Minister to make imaginative proposals for organizing the peace. He is rather reticent on the opportunities for using the war spirit in the United States and the period of a theoretically egalitarian sacrifice.

But if proposals were made, what should they be? In relation to his analysis, Mr. Laski's suggestions are so general as to seem almost anticlimactic. He maintains that "the need is obvious for the renovation (*sic*) of basic British institutions,—the Army, the Civil Service, the Educational System, industrial leadership, Parliament, and local government." But how much housecleaning there should be, and what particular changes of furniture or decorations are not specified. State control of capital and credit, state ownership and control of land, transport, fuel, and power and control of imports and exports—this is less than full socialism, but perhaps it can be achieved by consent. But how these controls, even if manned competently, would make for an expansionist economic society, avoid the excesses of autarky, and preserve a measure of freedom Mr. Laski does not say. He agrees that, if planning in a capitalist democracy "is to be compatible with the maintenance of freedom, it must have behind it the general consent of citizens." This must rule out a reversal of the decision to plan. "When a society accepts the decision to plan, it is thereby providing itself with an overriding purpose to the general principles of which the mass of the citizens must conform." But it is also doubtful "whether the agreement can be achieved by consent when the main psychological impulse to agreement no longer has the dramatic validity that common danger imposes." Or, more simply, a democracy can be united in waging war against a foreign enemy. It will not be united in waging war against unemployment and poverty. And there is a further danger. Having already said that the spread of education would make the masses more intelligently insistent that they be provided with work,—Mr. Laski calls attention also to "the danger that 'mass ignorance' may be exploited by the demagogue which makes the grasp of the social forces in play by the individual citizen an indispensable instrument of safety." The inconsistency is verbal rather than real, and heightens

(*Continued on page* 18)

Blood on the Rising Sun



—*U. S. Navy*

B-25 bomber taking off from the *Hornet* for the Tokyo bombing. So short was the runway, compared to the usual airfield lanes, that the take-offs had to be synchronized with the up-swells of the waves for an added lift.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO. By Captain Ted Lawson. Edited by Robert Considine. New York: Random House. 1943. 221 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

I helped bomb Tokyo on the Doolittle raid of April 18, 1942. I crashed in the China Sea. I learned the full, deep meaning of the term "United Nations" from men and women whose language I couldn't speak. I watched a buddy of mine saw off my left leg. And finally I got home to my wife after being flown, shipped, and carried around the world. Now I'm in line for the aeronautical engineering job which I wanted in the first place.

IN these few opening sentences Ted Lawson outlines his story, and at the same time sets its mood and style. We have known the principal facts of the story ever since the War Department published its communique on April 20 of this year; but Lawson lived those facts, and he and Robert Considine make us live them in imagination. It is one thing to read, in the War Department's words, that Lieut. Lawson was "seriously injured." It is quite another to read: "My voice sounded so strange to me, and the words came so thickly, that I vaguely reached up to my mouth and felt it. The bottom lip had been cut through and torn down to the cleft of my chin, so that the skin flapped over and down. My upper teeth were bent in. I reached into my mouth with both my thumbs and put my thumbs behind the teeth and tried to push them out straight again. They bent out straight, then broke off in my hands. I did the same with the bottom teeth and they broke off too, bringing with them pieces of my lower gum." Lawson had just crashed. Anesthetized by shock, he did not yet know that his left leg had been ripped from upper thigh to knee, so deeply that gristle, muscle, and bone had been laid bare.

Here, in this book, the now familiar facts and many unfamiliar ones all come alive, in the course of a simple, exciting, deeply stirring personal narrative. There is no flag-waving, no false modesty, no attitudinizing of any kind. The line is clean and straight, from the day Lawson left the Douglas factory to enlist, early in 1940, because "I wanted the knowledge about planes that the Army could teach me," down to the days of convalescence in the Walter Reed Hospital. It runs through the months of special training for a mission that was described to the volunteers only as "dangerous, important, and interesting"; through the tense weeks aboard the *Hornet,* when study and lectures still went on, while minds and bodies strained towards Japan; through the flashing brevity of the raid itself; the shock of the crash; and the journey from occupied to free China—by stretcher, flat-boat, junk, and sedan chair—made possible by the ingenuity, courage, and devotion of many nameless Chinese and a few missionaries who, it is to be feared, later paid in death for their

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good deed. All stages of the story are well handled. The word-pictures are clear; emotion is communicated. And, as it should be, the account of the raid, from the time of leaving the *Hornet's* deck to the crash off the beach of Nantien, is the best of the boiling.

As everyone knows, Doolittle and his men had to take off ten hours ahead of schedule, when they were 800 miles away from Tokyo, instead of 400 as had been planned. Consequently they had no gas reserve, and it was dark when they reached the coast of China, where all planes were wrecked with the exception of the one that flew on to internment in Russia. But another consequence was that Japan was bombed by daylight instead of by night as planned; and we may assume that as a result more damage was done, however great or small, than could possibly have been inflicted by crews operating in darkness, on their first actual bombing mission over strange territory.

Captain Lawson is eloquent regarding the thoroughness of the preparations for the raid, and there is no doubt that they were brilliant and painstaking. But the reader is surprised at one or two details: surprised that a pilot, after much study of maps, could himself be surprised to find Tokyo not concentrated like San Francisco, but spread "all over creation" like Los Angeles; and surprised again that no member of Lawson's crew, after all their lectures, knew how to pronounce the name of their assigned landing place in China.

Regarding the men who took part in this heroic exploit, there can be only one verdict: magnificent! Whether or not posterity's experts, in passing on the whole conception of the raid, will complete a hackneyed judgment by adding, *mais pas la guerre,* remains for posterity's experts to decide.

An American Epic by S. V. B.

WESTERN STAR. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 181 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE writer cannot in one sense pass judgment on "Western Star" because of the two great incapacities of friendship and sorrow. He cannot approach the book with that measure of critical detachment appropriate to the consideration of a work of art no matter how excellent. His living sense of thirty years of intimacy with a great writer and a great personality prevents him from acting as a judge supposing he were qualified. In this case he can only act as an advocate supposing it were necessary. It is not necessary.

Everything that those who knew him loved and admired in Stephen Benét is in this book. No genius is required to see the notable development and enhancement of his great powers that grew even-paced with his huge and beautiful subject. For the hand of the shaper became more deft as it accustomed itself to the strange marble of the epic. The verse is at once statelier and easier. And one feels that "John Brown's Body" was itself a mere prologue to what the great story, a noble fragment of which is before us, was to have been. But whatever pleased and touched in the earlier book is in "Western Star," the same power of observation, the same understanding of the like meaning of things that seem opposed. We find the same humorous pleasure in idiosyncrasy for its own sake, the same commentary quaint or penetrating as occasion demands. There is flaming lyrical invention. There is "the line that speaks itself on men's lips." As was said of another great book, you can't review it any more than you can review a sunset.

This much may, however, be said. "Western Star" is but the first part of a huge whole that was to have recounted the march of our people to the Pacific. Splendidly begun—never to be completed! And the babe that is unborn will rue that incompleteness. The poem is the frame and setting of the epic of migration. We see the origins only, though the development and termination are implicit in those origins as a great river is implicit in the snows of the Rockies. Unhappily we cannot follow that stream. But better than I will hereafter guess at its cataracts and stately reaches. Be that as it may they will like what they will actually possess, the beginnings in Plymouth and Jamestown. For they are Plymouth and Jamestown as they have too seldom been known.

> In fact, there were human beings
> aboard the *Mayflower,*
> Not merely ancestors.

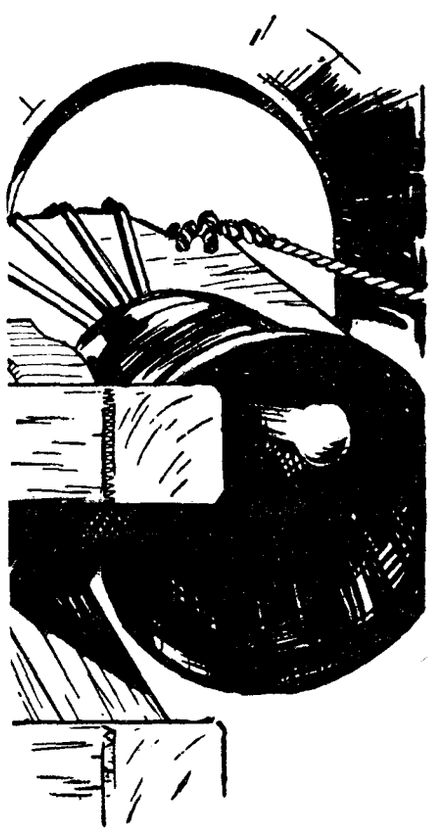
We are seeing the people rather than the leaders, not John Endicott who got into history but Henry Shenton who didn't, not so much Raleigh as Dickson Heron, the London prentice who first planted tobacco in Virginia. These are the theme and motif, the men who knew

> The brokenhearted camps of no return.

The book speaks the essentials in which we believe. Its episodes are the substance of freedom hoped for, the very affirmation and action of liberty in the mind. We may be proud, every one of us, that this voice spoke in our time and place, that in our moment of conflict and trial such things were said among us. They are not said and could not be said among our adversaries, whose dialectic prohibits such conclusions. "Western Star" is itself a species of rigorous and beautiful proof that our beliefs are true and worth what our best and bravest seem willing enough to give for them.

It is good to think that many of them returning will feel their blood stirred as by Sidney's trumpet when they read:

> And they looked to the West and
> searched it with their eyes,
> And there was the endless forest
> and the sharp star.



—From "The Making of America."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 484)

*J. Q. ADAMS:

THE MISSION OF AMERICA

America in the assembly of nations has uniformly spoken among them . . . the language of equal liberty, equal justice, and equal rights. . . . She might become the dictatress of the world; she would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit.

*Fourth of July address, Washington, 1821.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Open Letter to W. R. Benét

Answering Some Observations in the Phoenix Nest

THOMAS W. LAMONT

DEAR BILL:

I have been your constant reader and claimed your friendship for so many years, and have from my humble stance in mundane affairs so admired your eminence in letters, that I hesitate to call to your attention certain of your recent observations on purely economic and business questions with which I am not in accord.

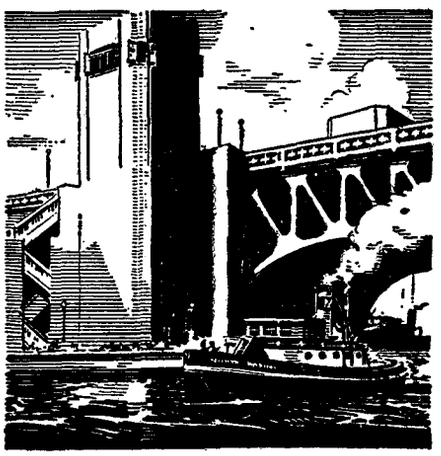
In the May 22 issue of your "Phoenix Nest" you begin by saying "The self-righteousness of capital toward the recent high-handed conduct of John L. Lewis (and of most of the press, which can always be counted upon to side with the big money) brings to mind, etc."

Now I cannot help wondering what your definition of "capital" is that has shown such "self-righteousness." Is it the recent "high-handed conduct" of both Houses of Congress? Or is it the conduct generally of our millions of citizens who own the greatest single capital item in our country, namely, our farms, and of the other millions who own the shares of our great industrial and transportation corporations? For surely you must be aware that in the last two generations the ownership of all the thousands of our large corporations (with possibly two or three exceptions) has been fragmentized, democratized; and that most of those large blocks of individual holdings no longer exist.

Well, let's not bother, then, to ask you to define capital, nor for that matter to adduce proof of your dogma that the subservience of the public press to "big money" can "always be counted upon." Having started originally in newspaper work and for years followed the course of the public press, I have always felt that its independence, just as in England, has been recognized and accepted as one of the glories attained up to the present time only by Anglo-Saxon peoples. Have I been wrong about this all this time? And are you able, moving as you do more closely in journalistic circles than I can hope to do, to assure me that you are right as to this lack of "independence" in the press?

This is rather a long preliminary to my respectful expression of astonishment that you should at this point, a full year after its publication, have taken to your bosom "The Coming Showdown," that fantasy of one Carl Dreher whose remedy for all the ills of the world is "democratic collectivism." In America we don't know much about collectivism but we have a natural distaste for the sound of it because it is a Nazi and a Fascist product. And we know darn well that collectivism is at the antipodes from democracy, and that, Carl Dreher to the contrary notwithstanding, there can be no such thing as "democratic collectivism." As one of the reviewers a year ago pointed out: It is a "contradiction in terms" since "collectivism works in practice only when it is thoroughly undemocratic."

You quote from Mr. Dreher, calling particular attention to his idea, which you yourself seem to accept, that "Congress is still squeamish about dipping deep into war profits"; such a statement seeming to imply a previous careful study of our existing tax laws. You yourself go on to say that people (including yourself, Bill?) "have a strong suspicion that capital is cashing in on the war." Of course everybody knows that for many of our American corporations large gross earnings are the order of the day. But careful analysis fails entirely to bear out the "cashing-in" idea. Very likely you yourself may have had in mind some of our largest companies which have been converted at the request of the Government to the production almost exclusively of war materials. I have before me a recent compilation analyzing the reports of a group of 40 such large manufacturers of war materials, and these figures present an entirely different picture from what Mr. Dreher certainly, and you apparently, have had in mind. These figures show that, while the sales of these concerns have grown enormously, their payrolls and taxes have immensely increased, whereas their net income and the dividends they have paid to their stockholders have declined. Tabled figures are rather annoying, I know, but these that I quote below tell the story:



	1940	1941	1942	% change 1941-2	% change 1940-2
	(in millions of dollars)				
Sales, etc.	$7,659	$11,230	$13,895	+24	+ 81
Payrolls	2,502	3,607	4,915	+36	+ 96
Taxes	598	1,465	1,753	+20	+193
Net income	705	765	587	—23	— 17
Dividends paid	482	515	388	—25	— 20

As you see, the immense corporate income and excess profits taxes that these industries are, quite properly, being called upon to pay, have resulted in a marked falling off of profits and dividends. So it is the Government, which certainly needs the money, and not the corporations, that has been doing the "cashing-in." I may add that, from 1940 to 1942, the average annual compensation per employee of these corporations rose from $1800 to $2450.

So you see that the Big Boys, as you call them, have not been "cashing-in" on the war as you seem to think. Even at that, many of their existing contracts are subject to fresh "renegotiation" by keen government officials, which may well reduce still more the final net income of these corporations.

NO, Bill, I do not believe you need be concerned about the Big Boys in industry. On the contrary, I assure you from personal knowledge that what we have to be concerned about is this: namely, that many of our industrial concerns under present tax legislation, far from cashing in on the war, are more likely to be dangerously depleting the corporate reserves they will surely need to meet the task of reconversion of their plants from war uses and machines to peacetime production when the war ends. Of course, we may squeeze the corporations until the pips squeak, but let us leave them enough to prepare for this vital task of reconversion.

Reverting to Mr. Dreher's book, you do not go so far as to say that "democratic collectivism" is the solution you favor. Apparently a "balance of free enterprise and control by the government" would be enough to satisfy you. Hardly any reasonable man, even one of the "Big Boys" of business, as you call them, would, I assure you, disagree with that ideal. The difficulty comes when the form and extent of control by government are to be determined, and the history of the past ten years or more illustrates the com-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plexity of the problem. All I would ask is for you and me not to be too impatient with our present system and its admitted faults—not to be too ready to believe the worst about it.

One other thing I have overlooked. That is, when you said: "We have seen unfettered initiative and free enterprise run a country right into the hole." In other words it was primarily the initiators and free enterprisers, was it, who brought on the great business depression that began late in 1929? Is that what you mean, Bill? Is that really possible? Were you not aware that in that period the whole civilized world went into a tail-spin? That the European debacle began in 1931 with the bankruptcy of the great Credit Anstalt Bank in Vienna; that England was driven off the gold standard in September, 1931, a year and a half before we were, and so on?

Look up your history, and at the very start put this in your pipe and smoke it: if every quarter century, or so, our Western civilization is going to indulge in the luxury of a world war, destroy hundreds of billions of dollars of property and millions of human lives, and dislocate our whole machinery of living and progress, then of course such vast conflicts are bound to be followed sooner or later by devastatingly hard times. The world really never got solidly back on its feet after World War I. In the 1920s it was feverishly at work trying to reconstruct. to lend, borrow, and go through all the motions. It was setting up, through the blindness of its politicians all over the world, trade barriers and embargoes, trying to collect impossible international loans, and bedeviling international trade generally.

But it was not our initiators and free enterprisers that did the mischief. It was the great economic aftermath of a world-wide war plus unwise statesmanship.

Incidentally do you recall that after the Napoleonic Wars that ended in 1815 England never got really back on her feet economically till 1850? For that long and dismal aftermath Napoleon was far more responsible than the free enterprisers.

Following our own Civil War we had a terrific depression from 1873 to 1877, a direct aftermath of the dislocating struggle between the North and the South. Many Southerners think that despite the best efforts of these free enterprisers the South has never recovered, after 80 years, from the devastation of that great conflict. And in that depression again we were not alone. During that same period, following the Franco-German War (1870-71), Britain's economy suffered one of the most devastating times that it had in all its commercial history. It has taken a long time for many of us Americans to learn that the great trading and industrial nations of the world are apt to be sick or well together, and that their illnesses do not derive from machinations of wicked business men.

The Spanish American War (1898), the Boer War (1899-1902), the Russo-Japanese War (1904-05) were not world conflicts, but put together they destroyed a tidy lot of capital and upset the economies of many nations. The panic and depression that inevitably followed came about 1907, and from that time on business here was spotty until the second year of World War I in 1915.

What is going to happen to our American economy after the present, the greatest, and most devastating of all world wars? The Lord only knows. But we are all aware that at this moment business men and government are working top speed not only to win the war, but to devise plans to lessen the postwar shocks upon employment, living standards, and all else that has been a part of the American way of life.

But, Bill, just a moment at the end of a long but, you can see, a respectful and amiable letter: Forget about the machinations of these "free-enterprisers" of yours that you think have done so badly by us. Forget about your Big Boys and all the category of personal devils. Just sit down with me late some afternoon over a cool drink at the Century, Coffee House, or where you will and fix up with me a simple little international plan that will prevent wars. Then we shall be able to avoid post-war panics and depressions and you will finally get a real idea of the system that is variously called the profit system, or the capital system, or the enterprise system, or the savings and thrift system,—all good names for the system under which America grew in three hundred years from the wilderness to a land in which, despite all our shortcomings, men are free and have more nearly equal opportunity than ever before, to a land in which the average man lives better, healthier, and wealthier than ever man has anywhere.

Let us be careful, you and I, in our urge to better humanity, not to kill off the precious thing that in your piece you yourself call "the independence of Americans."

Affectionately yours,

THOMAS W. LAMONT.

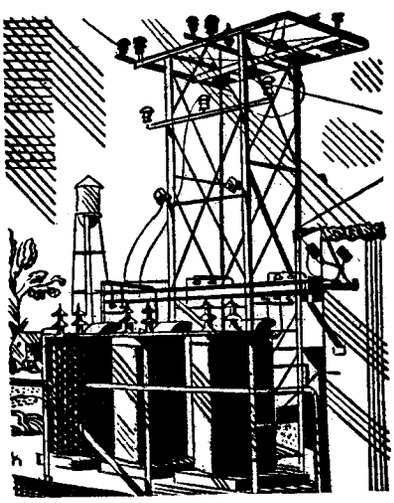
The FCC and the Radio Industry

RADIO NETWORKS AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. By Thomas Porter Robinson. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. 278 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by C. J. FRIEDRICH

HERE is a new book to add to the growing literature on radio which, though somewhat heavy reading, is compact and reliable. It deals with a very special aspect of this fascinating field, but does it well.

Mr. Robinson has done a job which badly needed doing. The relation of the Federal Communications Commission to the radio industry over the past three years is a fascinatingly obscure subject, full of the drama of warfare. But for the war, it would constitute a major subject of conversation and argument among observers of the American scene.



After a brief sketch of the early history of broadcasting, the author goes right down to work and paints on a broad canvas a life sketch of each of the major networks. These sketches are admirable digests of the material which the Federal Communications Commission's investigation of chain broadcasting has so laboriously collected. In fact, the author writes largely from these documents, with a curious disregard of the existing literature, for even so outstanding a contribution as Charles E. Cushman's analysis of the F. C. C. is not mentioned.

This failure to concern himself with the work of others leads Mr. Robinson to traverse familiar ground inexpertly, as, for example, when he discusses the Networks and Advertising. And his discussion of censorship and free speech could have gained greatly in depth and perspective had he troubled to explore the farther reaches of these problems with the help of such a classic as Chafee's "Freedom of Speech."

In spite of these shortcomings, the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present volume is an important and valuable piece of work. In a series of chapters, the author felicitously elucidates the broad issues which the Commission's recent rules for chain broadcasting have raised. Nor is the author either the networks' or the F. C. C.'s advocate. While the reviewer would quarrel with some of his conclusions on either account, there is no denying that Mr. Robinson takes an independent position. Clearly, he was not looking for a job (though for all we know he may have one now with either party). Such highly controversial matters as artists' contracts, network control of station rates, "exclusivity," and option time are laid out lucidly and fully so far as the recent government material permits it. There is relatively little independent investigation, but that, the reviewer can say from his own adventures in this field, is a well-nigh endless task.

What conclusions does Robinson arrive at? It is here that his views will be most hotly contested. The Federal Communications Commission and its friends will be quite disturbed to learn that in the author's opinion the new regulations for chain broadcasting are not in the public interest. "The past history of the Commission, the atmosphere in which the debate was conducted, and the procedure of adoption, therefore, militate against the new regulations constituting an enlightened and realistic solution to the network broadcasting problem and against their promoting a more efficient and better quality radio service for the people of this country." He then proceeds to indicate one by one why he thinks these regulations are not in the public interest.

Does this mean that the author thinks all is well with radio broadcasting as is? Not at all. Having paid his respects to the F. C. C., Mr. Robinson proceeds to ask the question: "Is this charge of domination by N. B. C. and C. B. S. substantiated by the evidence?" And his curt answer is: "The record indicates that it is." Therefore "the real answer to the competitive problem in the chain broadcasting field is a greater available supply of frequencies for commercial broadcasting." However, "whether or not the Commission admits it, network broadcasting is the most important single element in the industry." Therefore, the author, like President Paley of C. B. S., is flatly in favor of licensing the networks, for such licensing would give the Federal authorities direct regulatory power. But how are we to secure the greater supply of frequencies and hence the larger number of networks? By synchronous operation of a network, believes the author. Synchronous operation means simply that a number of stations are operated on a single frequency. The author then proceeds to summarize highly technical material which he believes tends to show that such synchronous operations are definitely feasible. "Here then is the very thing that the Federal Communications Commission is inclined to maintain is impossible, namely, making available for commercial network broadcasting a greater supply of frequencies in the present standard band." Thus networks would become really networks, and individual stations would become independent. It is an ingenious scheme and one which intrigues the imagination. "When the war is over," the author enthusiastically exclaims, "radio broadcasting will stand on the threshold of a dynamic future." One hopes that he may be right. But the recurrent hopes that technological changes will somehow eliminate the social conflicts of our time savor of a materialist optimism which has been too often disappointed to carry conclusive conviction.

The Making of the Red Army

—*Sovfoto*

Red Army men surmounting a barbed wire entanglement

THE UNKNOWN ARMY. By Nikolaus Basseches. New York: Viking Press. 1943. 239 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

IN the twenties and thirties Nikolaus Basseches was a familiar figure in the foreign colony of Moscow. An Austrian citizen of Russian birth he was correspondent of the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* and other distinguished Austrian publications. He spoke a faultless Russian and was always interested in military subjects. It was only natural for him to write a book on the Russian army, a theme which had somehow escaped the serious attention of all other foreign correspondents in Moscow.

Mr. Basseches traces the history of Russia's fighting forces from the earliest beginnings of Russian history to the present time. In doing so he is obliged to unravel before the reader much of Russia's political and social history—serfdom, Czardom, revolutionary movements, the impact of geography on Russian character and on Russian militarism, the century-old conflict between the foreign and Russian ideas of warfare, the rise of Russia's great generals, and the emergence of Russian patriotism. The information on these subjects is succinct and well-integrated.

The key to Russia's military successes the author lays among other things to two intellectual qualities, which so many American industrialists, American engineers, and numberless foreign correspondents have insisted the Russian was lacking. These qualities are: teachability and a capacity to synthesize "all European experiences, strategical and organizational" with his own. The fact that Russia has always been essentially a peasant country has further aided her in all her military ventures. "The Russian peasant . . . penetrated the sheer endless spaces on his own two feet armed with nothing more than a stick." During the Napoleonic wars it was the peasant with his spontaneously formed guerilla detachments who played havoc with French transport and French

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communications and thereby facilitated the collapse of the French armies. It is this peasant, the author might have added, who is now giving the Russian armies the most brilliant generals that have ever led them in battle.

The book abounds in much shrewd observation, also in not a few ancient and unfounded generalizations. The Russian peasant, says the author, is by nature an anarchist. The agricultural, political, military successes of the collectives, if nothing else, is a direct denial of this century-old legend. The Soviet Government, he further states, "considered it an advantage to have Russia appear weaker than she was." I know of not a single speech by Voroshilov, Commissary of War, or by Stalin, or by any other leader, nor of a single publication of any of the military agencies, in which Russia was ever presented either as weak or as backward militarily. On the contrary, in all Soviet written and spoken utterances, Russia's military strength and industrial growth were vigorously emphasized. Until the outbreak of the European war, the leading newspapers of the country printed every day columns of production figures in basic industries. The fault was not with Russians playing down their military and industrial achievements but with the foreigners, especially the diplomats and the military observers, who, with but rare exception, dismissed these achievements as unworthy of credence.

But these generalizations mar but slightly the exceptional quality of the book Mr. Besseches has written. It is scholarly and informing. To the historically-minded person it is an invaluable document.

Max Werner's Predictions for 1943

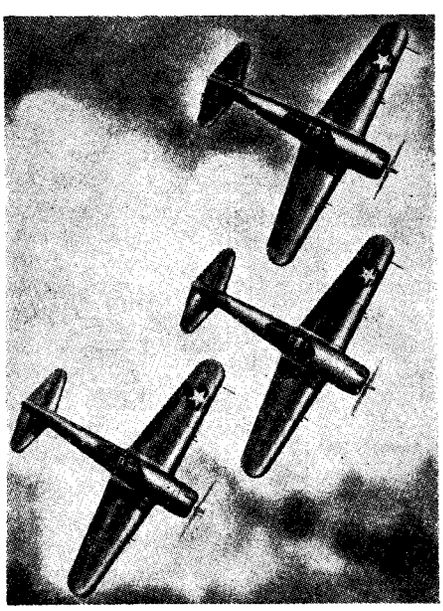
ATTACK CAN WIN IN '43. By Max Werner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 216 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

IN "The Great Offensive," which was published last year, Mr. Max Werner won universal approval for his accurate presentation of the Russo-German war in 1941. He should have been encouraged by this well-deserved tribute to give us an equally valuable record of the 1942 campaigns. But he has now abandoned his own familiar ground for the popular provocative type of strategic speculation, in which he is by no means so much at home. However, this is perhaps what the public wants, and it may therefore be to his gain, but it is our loss.

His early and accurate valuation of Russian strength won for him a niche among the minor oracles, but he now goes out of his way to show us that Allied Staffs and Mr. Werner himself did not gauge the 1942 situation properly. He tells us that the great Russian counter-offensive of last winter was unexpected by the Germans as well as by the Allies. Apparently only *The Saturday Review of Literature* expected it, for they wrote on October 17, 1942. "It should therefore surprise no one to see a rapid reversal of fortune, when the steppeland is ice-bound once more. In fact we should be surprised if the Russians did not stage some such counterblow." The reasons for the *S.R.L.*'s foresight were even given at some length, but perhaps Mr. Werner and the Allied Staffs did not see them. So it turned out that Mr. Werner and the Anglo-American Allies were "amazed" at the success of the Russian counter-offensive, but not so the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. In fact, cuckoo-like, the editor of this *Review* bids fair to evict Mr. Werner from his niche among the oracles.

Again the author glosses over the main reason for the Germans' defeat—their hopeless overextension. Does he know that the Luftwaffe boasted of having flown twenty millions of air miles in the vain effort to supply the Stalingrad front by air?—a triumph of organization, but not the kind of triumph the Luftwaffe was looking for in Russia. I think this one fact explains the German defeat more than any other. Mr. Werner has previously been scolded for overlooking the communications' issue in his previous book and he should have taken the warning to heart.



—*From "America's Fighting Planes in Action."*
The Vulter Vanguard

Then, too, he should have told us that the Russians' counter-offensive finally petered out for exactly the same reason; they advanced farther than was strategically wise, outran their supply columns, and were driven out of the valuable Kharkov area again by the German comeback of February this year.

Mr. Werner also affirms that the Southern Red Army retreated farther in the summer of 1942 than was anticipated by anyone. Yet we remember having read somewhere before the Caucasus drive started, that the Germans would succeed in seizing Maikop and Krasnodar, but would probably be stopped at Stalingrad.

We are now told that a large-scale offensive by the Germans on the lines of their gamble in the spring of 1918 is possible. To me it seems rather that even the most hard-headed among the *generalstab* must have learnt the lesson of Russian distances by now. It is more likely that they will stand on their positions and above all try to keep the Ukraine—the war-larder of Germany. Still, they are tigers for punishment and one can never tell.

Incidentally, though generally very sure of his facts, Mr. Werner says that the French losses were greater than those of the Germans at Verdun; the correct figures are French 350,000 and Germans 500,000. But a more noticeable error of his is the statement that the German offensive of 1942 lacked any strategic idea. On the contrary, it aimed at an oil victory and the cutting of the main artery of Russia—the Volga.

Mr. Werner mentions the material crisis, the crisis of reserves, the crisis of qualitative deterioration, and the crisis in the methods of the German conduct of war: in fact all the crises, omitting the gravest crisis of all, German transportation. Did he not notice that the Reich's Minister of Economics declared in December, 1942, that "Transport was the central problem of the whole German war effort"? While endorsing wholeheartedly Mr. Werner's encomium of the Russian war machine and its mighty achievements, we will allow ourselves to add a meed of praise to their unfailing Allies, Distance and Geography.

Mr. Werner has now adopted a new style—40.000 words and every word a punch, with quite a few wild swings. I closed the book punch-drunk and with some relief.

Squadron Leader Murray Harris, of the RAF, is a widely recognized expert on logistics and the author of the recently published "Lifelines of Victory."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Whole Circle Round"

THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION: The Development of Literature in the United States Recorded by Men who Made it. Edited by Edmund Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1943. 1290 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

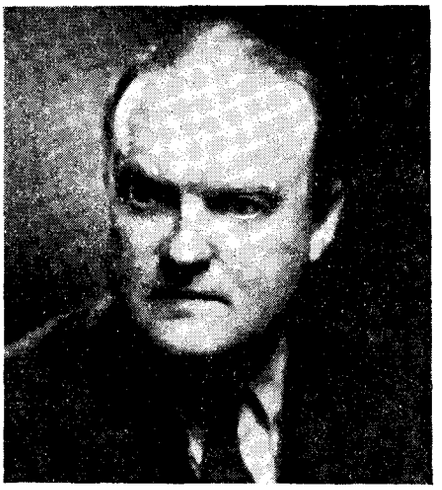
NO book put together by Edmund Wilson fails to be interesting. "The Shock of Recognition," an anthology of essays in prose and verse by American writers (in the main) about American authors, has the interest of surprise and irregularity as an anthology, and the interest of bulk and solidity as a book.

Mr. Wilson's own contributions are an introductory essay and some headnotes or small essays. The foreword says that this is an "attempt to present a chronicle of the progress of literature in the United States as one finds it recorded by those who had some part in creating that literature," but that he has omitted general discussions of literary theory and essays and reviews by professional literary critics. This last principle Mr. Wilson immediately violates, however; for if Poe was anything, he was a professional literary critic, and most of the Poe selections reprinted are review essays. For Mr. Wilson the "self-consciousness of the American genius" begins about the middle of the last century.

The book is useful in that it contains such standard things as Emerson and Lowell on Thoreau, Henry James's book on Hawthorne, William Dean Howells's "My Mark Twain," D. H. Lawrence's studies in "Classic American Literature," and various less extensive items. Mr. Wilson has done the discriminating public a service by resurrecting Bayard Taylor's amusing "Diversions of the Echo Club," though I confess it throws very little light on the progress of American literature. He has reprinted Lowell's "A Fable for Critics," which is understandable, but I cannot see any valid reason for reprinting Amy Lowell's dull imitation of it, "A Critical Fable," which throws almost no light on anything. He has also reprinted Henry Adams's "The Life of George Cabot Lodge," but it is hard to see why this contributes to an understanding of the growth of American literature.

Mr. Wilson is of the standard opinion that there was a "cultural slump" after the Civil War. Perhaps this notion accounts for the fact that he seems not to have troubled himself greatly to explore the very rich literature by writers about writers in that period, contenting himself with such standard names as Howells, James, Mark Twain. But I venture to predict that the next great discovery in American cultural history will be that the period after the Civil War was fruitful and formative; and that the pioneer hints and guesses of critics like Lewis Mumford and Van Wyck Brooks will presently be followed by a revaluation of a rich and neglected era.

The title, by the by, comes from a sentence of Herman Melville's quoted as an epigraph: "For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round." In view of Lowell's treatment of Thoreau, Mark Twain's inability to comprehend Cooper, Henry Adams's apparent belief that George Cabot Lodge was a great genius, H. L. Mencken's notion that James Huneker was a first-class critic, and Mr. Wilson's inability "to find anything about Stephen Crane for the purpose of this book" (he has reprinted a second-rate essay by H. G. Wells), the Melville dictum seems a little over-generous.



Edmund Wilson

The Varied American Pattern

DANCING SAINTS. By Ann George Leslie. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

OUR streamlined textbooks and popular histories have given us only a conventional picture of America's past. As a result, few of us really know how extraordinarily complex the pattern of American civilization has been. Yet all sorts of strange customs, folkways, and religious practices went into the making of this country. If our present seems standardized, at least our past was rich with picturesque people and ways of living that varied widely from the norm.

To most Americans, the Shakers' way of life must seem very odd indeed. Here were a people who believed in a primitive type of communal existence, absolute celibacy, group dancing, and "shaking" as a religious rite, and yet at the same time also believed in functionalism, technical and mechanical progress, complete racial equality, and peace among all men and nations.

Their ideas were a curious mixture of the very old and the very new; they were at once behind their times and ahead of them. Numerous in the early part of the nineteenth century, they dwindled rapidly in numbers, for their rule of celibacy prevented them from adding to their membership in any way except by attracting new converts to their faith. The dying out of one of their smaller communities in the early part of the twentieth century is the central theme and the basic tragedy of Miss Leslie's fine novel about Shaker life.

Orville Thatcher was brought to the Cedars as an orphaned boy. At first he rebelled against a way of living that seemed strange and distasteful to him, but he was gradually won over to the simplicity and dignity of people who were honest and good. He was taught carpentry, a trade at which the Shakers excelled, and, as he grew older, he showed signs of becoming a first-rate architect. Unfortunately, there was no need for the services of a builder among the Shakers, for they already possessed larger dwelling places and farm buildings than they could use. And the strict law of celibacy made trouble for the healthy young boy who felt drawn not only to one of the Shaker girls but also to a side-show trollop introduced to him by his ne'er-do-well father.

Miss Leslie handles the personal stories of her characters well, but they are necessarily overshadowed by the unusually interesting picture of Shaker life which is the main theme of her book. Those who like early American architecture and furniture will enjoy her descriptions of Shaker buildings and workshops; those who seek spiritual values will find them in her accounts of the Shakers' religious customs and ideas; and those who ask only for a good story set against a fresh and original background will find one in this book. It is sensitively written, and, as a first novel, it shows real accomplishment rather than mere promise.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Norman Cousins
Editor
Henry Seidel Canby } Associate
Amy Loveman } Editors
William Rose Benét } Contributing
Bennett Cerf } Editors
Harrison Smith
President
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

FOR PEOPLE WHO CALL THEMSELVES AMERICANS

LET us dare to read, think, speak, and write. Let every order and degree among the people rouse their attention and animate their resolution. Let them all become attentive to the grounds and principles of government, ecclesiastical and civil. Let us study the law of nature; read the histories of ancient ages; contemplate the great examples of Greece and Rome; set before us the conduct of our own British ancestors, who have defended for us the inherent rights of mankind against foreign and domestic tyrants and usurpers, against arbitrary kings and cruel priests; in short, against the gates of earth and hell.

Let us read and recollect and impress upon our souls the views and ends of our own more immediate forefathers in exchanging their native country for a dreary, inhospitable wilderness. Let us examine into the nature of that power, and the cruelty of that oppression, which drove them from their homes. Recollect their amazing fortitude, their bitter sufferings—the hunger, the nakedness, the cold, which they patiently endured—the severe labors of clearing their grounds, building their houses, raising their provisions, amidst dangers from wild beasts and savage men, before they had time or money or materials for commerce. Recollect the civil and religious principles and hopes and expectations which constantly supported and carried them through all hardships with patience and resignation. Let us recollect it was liberty, the hope of liberty for themselves and us and ours, which conquered all discouragements, dangers, and trials.

Let the pulpit resound with the doctrines and sentiments of religious liberty. Let us hear the danger of thraldom to our consciences from ignorance, extreme poverty, and dependence; in short, from civil and political slavery. Let us see delineated before us the true map of man. Let us hear the dignity of his nature, and the noble rank he holds among the works of God—that consenting to slavery is a sacrilegious breach of trust, as offensive in the sight of God as it is derogatory from our own honor or interest or happiness—and that God Almighty has promulgated from heaven liberty, peace, and goodwill to man!

Let the bar proclaim "the laws, the rights, the generous plan of power" delivered down from remote antiquity—inform the world of the mighty struggles and numberless sacrifices made by our ancestors in defense of freedom. Let it be known that original rights, conditions of original contracts, coequal with prerogative and coeval with government; that many of our rights are inherent and essential, agreed on as maxims and established as preliminaries, even before a parliament existed. There let us see that truth, liberty, justice, and benevolence are its everlasting basis; and if these could be revoked, the superstructure is overthrown of course.

Let the colleges join their harmony in the same delightful concert. Let every declamation turn upon the beauty of liberty and virtue, and the deformity, turpitude, and malignity of slavery and vice. Let the public disputations become researches into the grounds and nature and ends of government, and the means of preserving the good and demolishing the evil. Let the dialogues, and all the exercises, become the instruments of impressing on the tender mind, and of spreading and distributing far and wide, the ideas of right and the sensations of freedom.

In a word, let every sluice of knowledge be opened and set a-flowing. The encroachments upon liberty in the reigns of the first James and the first Charles, by turning the general attention of learned men to government, are said to have produced the greatest number of consummate statesmen which has ever been seen in any age or nation. The Brookes, Hampdens, Vanes, Seldens, Miltons, Nedhams, Harringtons, Nevilles, Sidneys, Lockes, are all said to have owed their eminence in political knowledge to the tyrannies of those reigns. The prospect now before us in America ought in the same manner to engage the attention of every man of learning to matters of power and of right, that we may be neither led nor driven blindfold to irretrievable destruction.

John Adams [1765]

School of Painting

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

A PAINTING of the Hudson now
Would lift those shadows from its brow.
So what was different then, and why—
The paint, the landscape, or the eye?

Was it a mood prevailing then,
A darkness in the minds of men,
Or was the pigment colored only
To make the world morose and lonely?
The oil was thickly tinged with thunder
And all the scenery lying under
Those glowering clouds looked quite unfit
For any human joy of it.

There was a frankness in this fashion,
An unashamedness of passion,
Seeking cessation from the plight
Of too much grandeur for the sight,
Discharging in their moody art
Too black a burden from the heart . . .
And that is why they glazed the gloom
For fixed and threatening afternoon:
Majestic, picturesque, and strange,
Their symbol was this river range.

My antique nature loves these scenes,
I know just what the painter means
And envy him his ponderous task,
Affecting lightness when I ask
(As if I did not surely know
This place a hundred years ago)
To what the dread approach was due—
The vision, varnishing, or view?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hall's Thatched Roof

SIR: I hope that you will permit me to correct an error, with respect to myself, that appeared in Mr. Cecil Roberts's review of my book, "Under a Thatched Roof," in the December 12th issue [mails to Tahiti are sometimes several months late] of the *SRL*. I greatly appreciated the friendly review. Sitting under the thatched roof, I had expected no visitors, or very few, for who cares to read essays and sketches in times like these? Mr. Roberts's call was a pleasant surprise, but in his report of it appeared the following misstatement of fact:

"One of his gods is Joseph Conrad, one of his dislikes is Charles Lamb, and in this I hail a kindred spirit."

The Conrad part is O.K., but how did Mr. Roberts get the impression that I dislike Charles Lamb? To be sure, I never speak or think of him as "gentle Charles," but my love for his essays and letters is deep and abiding. Despite Lamb's distaste for any place but London, his spirit sometimes consents to visit Tahiti. Several years back I wrote the following account of one of these visits:

No shock it was to see a misty queerness
Gathering about an empty chair.
I had a premonition of his nearness,
And, looking up again, I found him there.
We talked at ease, without the least constraint,
Of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, Hunt;
And when I asked of Manning, with a faint
Twinkle, he said: "Still punning . . . in a punt
Along the Styx. He rarely comes ashore."
"Always alone?" I ventured to enquire.
"Not always, I admit." . . . "Lamb, tell me more,
(It isn't late), about your friend, George Dyer."
The words were like the bellows to a forge.
Till dawn the theme was George, and only George.

JAMES NORMAN HALL.

Tahiti, French Oceania.

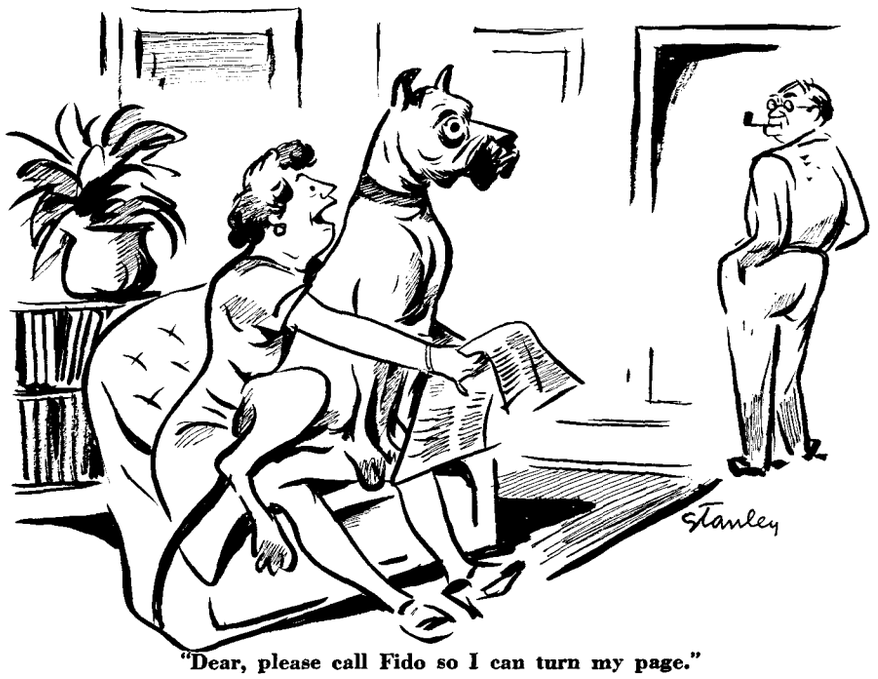
Boston Transcript's Historian

SIR: In the May 22nd edition of my favorite periodical, your *Saturday Review*, there is an error which I cannot allow to pass without notice. It is in the article "New England's Newspaper World" by W. T. Scott. On page 20 he refers to the *Transcript's* historian as Joseph Edgar Dutton. It so happens that my father, Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, was that historian and I have located the quotation that Mr. Scott used on page 162 of said history.

That history was a monumental task which my father performed with great love and a high conscience.

ELEANOR CHAMBERLIN BOSHCO.

West Medford, Mass.



"Dear, please call Fido so I can turn my page."

"Tarzan Realism"

SIR: I am writing to express my very great pleasure at the article by Mr. Houston Peterson on "Tarzan Realism" in the current issue. I wish this might be read throughout the whole country. I believe it would do a world of good.

Also I wish to express my regret at the tone of the review made by Mr. Robert Bierstedt of Paul A. Schilpp's book on the Philosophy of G. E. Moore. I have not seen the book myself, and I have never read anything of G. E. Moore's, but I know Dr. Schilpp and I have heard of G. E. Moore. I cannot believe that so sneering a review is justified. It certainly fails to tell me what I should like to know about the book.

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK.

New York, N. Y.

Intricate Typesetting

SIR: *The Saturday Review* is always provocative. There is scarcely a number that does not tempt me to write a comment or a commendation. In the University Press issue I find in the paper of David T. Pottinger the, to me, startling paragraph:

> Mr. Updike himself, in his last book, "Some Aspects of Printing," added to the muddled thinking on this question. He wrote as a printer and therefore emphasized the need for mechanical equipment, especially fonts of exotic types. One can readily admit that there would be considerable usefulness for at least one university printing house in this country capable of doing all the intricate typesetting we have hitherto been forced to buy in Europe.

My copy of Updike's little book is unfortunately a hundred miles away in the city, and I cannot verify this indirect quotation, but I do not remember his making such a comment, and what is more to the point I cannot imagine him making it. Updike did not consider "exotic" type essential to the very best printing, or even desirable. The outstanding fact about his work is that he used standard, easily accessible type faces with perfect discrimination.

As for "intricate typesetting we have hitherto been forced to buy in Europe," I do not know what that means, but then I also write as a printer, Could it be that Mr. Pottinger refers to those masterpieces produced by old-time printers with file and pliers and twisted rule that aroused the envy of the devil? They were certainly intricate typesetting with curves and flourishes and floating banners and ribbons. At any rate, I would rejoice to learn of any kind of typesetting that had to be bought in Europe because it was complicated.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York, N. Y.

Is Germany Incurable?

SIR:—Your panel reviewers' sensible criticisms of Richard Brickner's flight of fury is genuine encouragement for those of us who are manifestly participating in a war which we hope will stimulate world-mindedness among the people of all nations instead of a self-debasing calumny.

There is no need for us to fear intellectual or personal sacrifice as long as thought-provoking periodicals continue to demonstrate the intelligent representation of that democratic quality which gives expression to considerate reviews of our enemies' problems without hatefulness.

CPL. LEE ASH, JR.

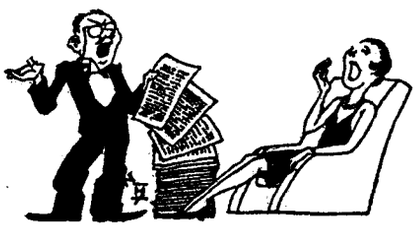
Fort Harrison, Indiana.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

NEW YORK LITERATI picked the hottest and most insufferable week of the summer to stage a series of receptions and farewell parties. . . . Ian Ballentine feted Colonel Green of the *Infantry Journal* at the Waldorf. . . . Sinclair Lewis gave a party in his Central Park West penthouse before becoming a wage slave for M-G-M on a portal to reportal basis. . . . Miriam Hopkins threw open her Sutton Place house and garden for a good-bye session in honor of Vincent Sheean and John Gunther, off the following day for the wars. . . . The guests, ankle deep in honeysuckle and glamour, mopped their brows, toasted the parting writers, and watched a line of ships, bound up the river to join a convoy, sail silently by. . . . Your correspondent, who has not learned to carry a notebook, remembers the following snatches of chit-chat from these festive occasions. . . .

AMONG THE GUESTS at "Red" Lewis's were four young ladies, graduated from Minnesota, arrived in New York that very day, and darned if they were going to let Manhattan overawe them. "I understand," said one, "that New York has finally become conscious of Thomas Wolfe!" "It strikes me," reported another, "that New York men have a very thin strain of virility." "Lordy!" sighed Mary Heaton Vorse, "what I'd give to be their age again!" . . . "My good Anna," Joe Jackson, of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, reported, "who cooked for us for eight years, and never read a newspaper, is now making eleven dollars a day in a defense plant. She visited me just before I came East, and I noticed that she was carrying a book under her arm. 'Well, well, Anna,' I remarked, 'I see you've taken to reading books!' 'Yes



sir,' answered Anna proudly. 'Now that I'm making all this money, I thought it was time to get some book culture, so I joined the Literary Glide!' " . . . An important bookseller told of an indignant letter he had received that morning. "Is the customer at your store always right or is he not?", it demanded. "I stepped into your rare book department yesterday and made the simple request for two detective novels. The man in charge literally glared at me and said 'scram!' " . . . Grace Moore, very lovely to look at, regaled the company at Sutton Place with the story of the two brothers who studied for the ministry. One was a little too flippant and whimsical to reach the heights; the other, a pompous and heavy-handed party, became a bishop in due course. "My brother," the former explained, "rose because of his gravity; I was held down by my levity!" . . . "I see that you're worried about hurting your friends' feelings," chuckled Franklin P. Adams, "You'll have to adopt my philosophy. I figure that after a man runs a column for two years, any friends he has left are pure velvet!" . . . Judge Jerome Frank, formerly head of the S.E.C., remarked that in the bright lexicon of the opposition press a bureaucrat is any government official who isn't fighting President Roosevelt. . . . Walter Winchell told of the crack Chinese pilot who flew General Doolittle from China to India after the Tokyo raid. Not only was the bomber loaded to capacity, but three refugees were found cowering under the baggage when the ship was unloaded. Asked if he hadn't noticed the additional weight on the journey, the Chinese pilot smiled sadly and explained, "Refugees never weigh very much!" . . . Picture one medium size drawing room holding the following authors at the same time: Sheean, Gunther, Eve Curie, Jay Allen, Leland Stowe, Louis Fischer, Marcia Davenport, John O'Hara, and Dorothy Parker! . . . "It isn't the heat so much," volunteered one guest, "it's the humidity." "For the love of Mike," responded a nimble-witted publisher, "stop riding around in that one-horse cliché." . . . But don't get me wrong. I love literary parties. . . . .

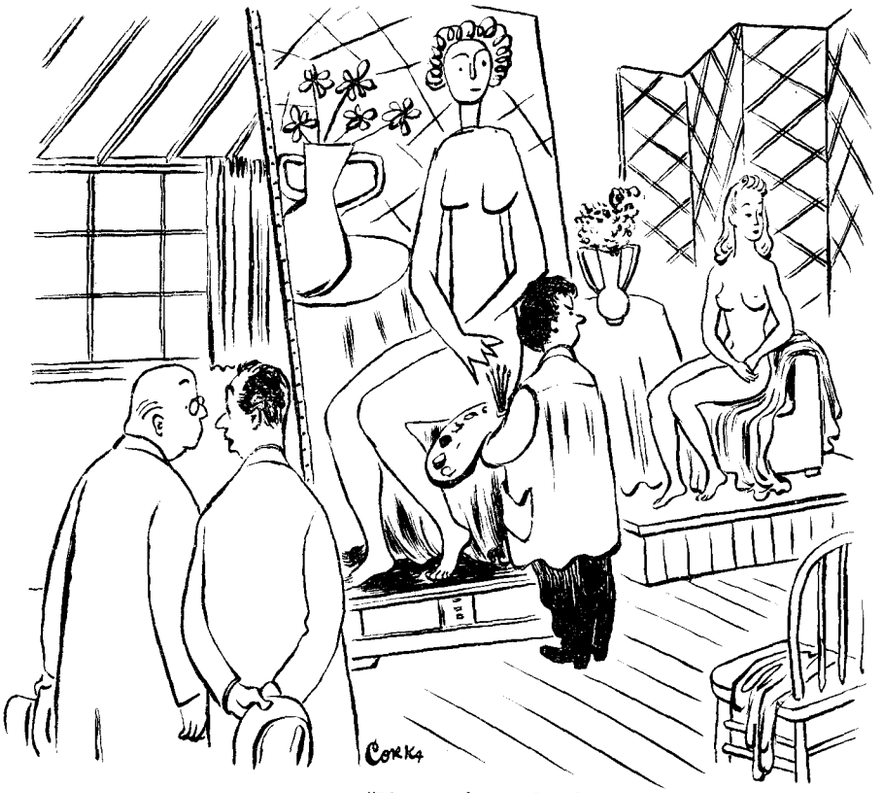
EDWARD J. BYNG'S new book, "A Five Year Peace Plan" (Coward-McCann), points out that Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, the perky little Austrian Chancellor who was assassinated by the Nazis in 1934, made an amazing prophecy on June 1, 1933. "Germany may overrun Austria," he said, "but Austria will outlive her invaders! *Perhaps ten years from now,* the attacker himself may be attacked!" . . . Had Dollfuss been just a bit more amazing as a prophet, he might not have turned his killers loose on virtually defenseless workers in Vienna on February 12, 1934—one of the blackest days in the history of modern Europe. Five months later he himself was murdered. . . . There is a lot of fascinating stuff in "The Luftwaffe, Its Rise and Fall," a new Putnam publication by an insider who writes under the name of Hauptmann Hermann. The author declares that Milch spelled the ultimate doom of the vaunted Nazi airforce by neglecting to provide necessary spare

parts for the front-line machines. He also tells the story of how easily Lindbergh was hoodwinked by Nazi bigwigs. . . .

TWO WEEKS AGO one of New York's minor-league columnists chortled over the story of a young English poet who approached his publisher to collect three years' accumulated royalties; the publisher countered with "How about settling for a ticket to Loew's Paradise? I'll make up the difference out of my own pocket!" The very next morning, the Associated Press sent out a flash from London. J. Donald Hughes, poet, had bought himself the *entire* Gloucestershire village of Blaise, four miles from Bristol. Ten stone houses surrounding the central green he planned to present to Bristol, to be preserved as a landmark. . . . Another AP story that day came from Coatesville, Pa. Fred Manship, the local AP man there, wired "This is the toughest story I was ever called upon to write, but it is part of the toll of war and nothing can be done about it: 'Technical Sgt. Fred Manship, Jr., was fatally wounded in action in the North African area, according to word sent by the War Department to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Manship.' " . . . When Saroyan used an almost identical episode in "The Human Comedy," tooo terribleee sophisticated critics sneered in derision. . . . "Fibber" McGee signed off from the air for a summer vacation with "I hope that by the time I return in September, the score will read 'No Hitlers, no ruins, no terrors.' " . . .

STUNG BY EDITOR COUSINS'S groundless accusation that the only thing I read in the *SRL* is my own column, I perused a recent copy from cover to cover. Reading time: two hours and forty minutes, including one hour on the Double-Crostic (incompleted), another twenty minutes on the intriguing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



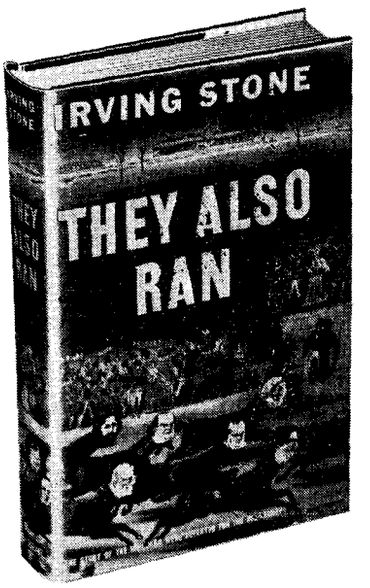
"He wasn't much of a painter when he started, but he learned a lot as he went along."

new literary cryptogram, and a valuable period devoted to committing to memory the first stanza of a poem in Lithuanian dug up by the resourceful Bill Benét for "The Phoenix Nest." Biggest chuckle came from Ben Abramson's paid advertisement wherein he declared that the editor of the *SRL* should be shot for failing to review a group of books published, for one reason or another, under the imprint of his Argus Book Shop in Chicago. This is the sort of gesture that amuses the erratic and Rabelaisian Mr. A. . . . The next publication of the Argus Bookship will be called "Trade Winds," and will consist of pieces written for this column by the original conductor, Chris Morley. . . . That is one Abramson book for which a *SRL* review is unconditionally guaranteed. . . .

THE RECENT FLOODS carried a book from the library in Miami, Oklahoma, to the beet patch of Miss Nora List, some fourteen miles away. The title of the book was "The Passing Storm." . . . Latest agent story: author expressed hope that he could promote five hundred dollar advance on his new potboiler. "Just to show how good I am," declared agent, "I'll get you *fifteen* hundred." He called several publishers, and finally found one shnook who fell for his palaver and agreed to the terms. Agent hung up phone, clapped hand to his forehead, and groaned, "Oh, God! Why am I such a crook?" . . . That returning scribe from the Aleutians who threatens to name his book "Kiska and Tell" or "Hallaleutia!" isn't going to get anywhere at all in the literary world. . . . Captain Richard Armour poetizes: "Good taste indeed have those whose shelves are filled with books we like ourselves!" . . . Manpower shortage on his Maine farm has compelled E. B. White to suspend his "One Man's Meat" department in *Harper's Magazine*—a distinct loss to everybody who enjoys first-rate writing. It's the same E. B. White, in case you didn't know, who affixes all those perfect captions to the stray bits and misprints culled by *The New Yorker* from careless newspapermen and novelists. . . .

CLARK LEE, author of "Call It Pacific" (Viking), tells of an officer, very religious, who insisted on reading a burial service over a hundred odd Jap soldiers who fell in a pitched battle on Guadalcanal. Fellow officers didn't relish the notion, but he persisted. "They may be Japs," he said, "but they're dead, and I'm going to give them a decent burial." In the middle of the service, one of the "corpses" suddenly rose with a grenade in his hand. The officer dropped his Bible, whipped out a gun, shot the Jap through the temple, calmly reholstered his weapon, and resumed the sermon. "Lord," he declared, "I said I'd give these Japs a funeral, and that goes for every last one of them! Amen!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.



"Gets my vote

for being the liveliest book of American history and biography thus far offered this year. This unique volume is one of the liveliest and, in some respects, most probing books about political democracy in action ever published." —CHARLES LEE, Phila. *Record*

They ALSO RAN

by Irving Stone

At your bookseller's • $3.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walpole's Herrieses

KATHERINE CHRISTIAN. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE are few things more fatal to a novelist than to start a love-affair with his characters. John Galsworthy wasted much of his time and far too many pages of print because he could not see when his passion for the Forsytes had become an obsession, and was really only of clinical interest to his readers. In the same way Walpole was unable to free himself from that curiously unattractive family which he called Herries.

He saw in the Herries brood a microcosm of English life—wrote of them as an historian might write of the Pastons or the Verneys or the Norths; but to many of his admirers he too often failed to vitalize anything but the magnificent scenery which was their threatening background.

I have not read "The Bright Pavilions" which treats of the Herries in the time of Elizabeth; but "Katherine Christian," his last incomplete book, that deals with England and the Herries from the accession of James I to the Civil War, shows a curious incapacity to conduct us into that Jacobean and Caroline life. Not only is the dialogue neither modern nor good Wardour Street, nor fine "tushery," nor in the least Jacobean; but Hugh Walpole betrays, in small ways, that he has not thought himself into his period. For instance, when Nicholas Herries in 1616 goes with his family to the court of King James, Nicholas is said to think his niece "Lucy looked like an actress"—and there were no actresses in England in that King's reign; all women's parts were played by boys. Again and again, though we hear much of James and his favorites, of the vile Essex scandal, of Villiers, and Mrs. Turner, we cannot believe that the author has really left the Regency of Prinny where he was at home.

The main characters, Peter, Lucy, and Rashleigh Garland, in this book are cousins of Nicholas Herries, and the drama is of the conflict between the King's men and the Parliament men, enacted in the different allegiances of Rashleigh who is Royalist and Peter who is Cromwellian. In his depicting of this dissension Hugh Walpole takes a view of history scarcely nearer the facts than Charles Kingsley's standpoint in "Westward Ho!" A novelist need not accept history as it has been rewritten by such men as Hilaire Belloc or Lingard or James Gairdner; but he should show himself

Hugh Walpole

aware of the fact that there is a very different aspect than that shown in popular Protestant propaganda. There should, for example, be some admission of the thesis that Laud was anti-capitalist, anti-big-business; that the Puritan morality stood for the dominance of the state over the church, and helped to break down the old laws against usury.

The story itself goes rather slowly, and covers too much ground for the rich, detailed treatment demanded by it. The portrait of Robin, old Nicholas Herries's heir, is a careful and sympathetic study of an unsympathetic character, and Lucy has a certain graceful wildness which relieves the passages in which she appears. I cannot say I am enchanted by Katherine, the eponymous heroine. She is the daughter of an old conjurer who hangs himself rather than stand trial for his part in Overbury's murder. She is one of those unlikely damsels who can sin in the body and keep her soul and mind unattached and unspotted. Her involuntary involvement in the affairs of the Herries family seems as unlikely as her part in court life and the profound love she arouses in the Puritan Peter and in other decent, serious men. There are scenes of brilliance, of violence, and of gaiety; an over-emphasis on the sensuous aspects of Jacobean life, but little conviction in conveying the decent gravity of Charles I's court. The portrait of Cromwell is extremely sympathetic, and just in its insistence that Cromwell was no snuffling, anti-merriment bigot: but there is a most fallacious simplification of the struggle between the Crown and Parliament. "Katherine Christian" would have been a better book had the author been contented to invent his Herries family history and left affairs of state alone.

Your Literary I. Q

By Howard Collins

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Almost as popular as the Boy Meets Girl plot in literature is the Boy Meets Girl and Then Another Girl. This week's quiz provides 25 examples of the triangle story. Two members of the trio are given. Can you name the third? Allowing two points for each correct answer, and another two if you can also remember the story in which they appeared, a score of 60 is par, 72 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. Guinevere and Arthur.
2. Tristan and Isolde.
3. Helen of Troy and Paris.
4. Annie Lee Arden and Philip Ray.
5. Guido Colonna and Prinzivalle.
6. John Shand and Sybil Tenterden.
7. Tanis Judique and Myra Babbitt.
8. Leslie Crosby and Geoffrey Hammond.
9. Edward Rochester and Bertha Rochester.
10. Isabel Vane and Francis Levison.
11. James Morell and Eugene Marchbanks.
12. Scarlett Hamilton and Suellen O'Hara.
13. Anna Karenina and Alexis Karenina.
14. Don José and Escamillo.
15. Molly Farran and Nancy Lammeter.
16. Katrina Van Tassel and Brom Bones von Brunt.
17. Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne.
18. Troilus and Cressida.
19. Sam Evans and Nina Leeds.
20. Gilda and Otto.
21. Linda Esterbrook and Amanda Smith.
22. Mary Haines and Crystal Allen.
23. Soames Forsyte and Irene Forsyte.
24. Frank Chambers and Cora Papadakis.
25. Jock Wallace and Bill Hallam.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spoken History

VOICES OF HISTORY 1942-3. Great Speeches of the Year 1942. Edited by Franklin Watts. Gramercy Publishing Co. 759 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

THE idea to give, in retrospect, a record of important speeches and other public statements of the fateful year 1942 is excellent (by the way, why is a collection limited to the year 1942 called "Voices of History 1942-43"?). But the execution of the idea is, I am sorry to say, rather poor.

How eloquent is the language of the real voices of History? Has really not more than one year elapsed since Churchill, after the fall of Tobruk, said in the House on July 2, 1942: "I suppose one ought to say we are going to lose Egypt. But I will go so far as to say that we do not regard the struggle as in any way decided." Or listen to Hitler's voice when his divine inspiration made him predict, in March, 1942: "We know one thing already today; the Bolshevist masses which were not able to conquer the German soldier in the winter" (1941-42) "will be beaten in every direction in the summer." Or take Chiang Kai-shek's moving message of November 17, 1942 which every American should know: "We should bear in mind one of the most inspiring utterances of the last World War, that of Edith Cavell: 'Standing at the brink of the grave, I feel that Patriotism alone is not enough.' And: "China has no desire to replace Western imperialism in Asia with an oriental imperialism or isolationism of its own or of any one else." (The editor who does not seem to know the excellent Chinese News Service has selected not more than five pages from China's leaders while reprinting about 150 pages from Hitler's and Goering's utterances.)

The job is carelessly done; without discrimination the editor has reprinted everything he could lay his hands on. There is "Prime Minister Churchill's Speech Of Acceptance Of A Trailer Canteen Presented By Australians In Britain To The Women's Volunteer Service." There are obituaries, in the House of Commons, for deceased members. But above all there are the unabridged speeches of the Axis ringleaders just as they have come over the air, unedited and hastily translated, with hundreds of blank spots and questionmarks "due to atmospheric conditions." Instead of reprinting the gist which makes them important and exciting reading, the editor has produced a rehash of the complete nonsense and has thus made his book practically unreadable.

"No book could be more timely than this..."

—Allan Nevins, in the "Book-of-the-Month Club News"

THE GOOD INHERITANCE

By NORMAN COUSINS

WITHOUT any fanfare or advertising pressure, a book published last year has quietly come forward as one of the leading works of our day. It is *The Good Inheritance*, by Norman Cousins, which goes beyond a credo for free peoples, putting this war in its true historical perspective.

"Among the considerable number of new books on democracy that have come to his notice, the present reviewer finds it hard to recall a more straightforward and useful lesson for our times than is contained in the present volume."—SIMEON STRUNSKY, *The N. Y. Times.*

"Of books on democracy there is no end, but 'The Good Inheritance' is so good it simply cannot be passed."—JOHN COURNOS, *The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"Can be put together with Guglielmo Ferrero's *The Reconstruction of Europe* to form a 'must' document with those who are interested in making a lasting peace."—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, *The N. Y. Times.*

"The Good Inheritance," as well as Mr. Cousins' excellent companion volume, "A Treasury of Democracy," is available at all bookstores. $3.00 each.

Send this handy order blank to your bookseller or direct to the publisher.

COWARD-McCANN, INC.
2 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

Please send me ..... copies of "The Good Inheritance" at $3.00 each to the following address:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

☐ Remittance for ..... enclosed. ☐ Please send bill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RENOVATIONS AND REVOLUTIONS

(*Continued from page* 5)

rather than lessens the grimness of the outlook.

To Mr. Laski's eloquent periods, "The God of the Machine" is in striking contrast. This is not to suggest that Mrs. Paterson's book is not well written. It is, but as a cold, passionless piece of reasoning which is difficult to follow, and which when it descends to details is not infrequently startling in its implications. The good deal of learning that has gone into its preparation is worn even more lightly than Mr. Laski wears his exceptional erudition. Mrs. Paterson's analysis in a summary approved by her is about as follows:

The twentieth century is the Age of the Dynamo and the United States is its representative nation. The American production system has long been the envy of other countries. Our industrial technology released a Niagara of energy which Americans turned to peaceful uses to lighten toil, provide abundance, and increase human happiness in a free society. Since this developed in the American political system which was also new in principle, there must be an intrinsic connection. [But the newness of the system can be exaggerated and the extent of the country that was to be developed, its tremendous natural resources, and the populations which it received were also not without importance.]

All the great ages of history were made possible by the creation of a long circuit of energy. The line of civilization follows it through time and space. The Roman Empire drew its power from the Mediterranean circuit. The British Empire came into being on an oceanic circuit. The United States established a new kind of self-contained empire in territory, by increasing the flow and potential of energy almost incalculably in volume of production and speed of transport, while it sent around the world a terrific current in the form of money and machinery. Can Germany, Russia, or Japan conquer or dominate a world which contains the dynamo? No, they cannot, neither together nor singly. They are not dynamic nations. They are non-conducting obstacles to the flow, short circuits; they were bound to blow up. The dynamo was created by the moral order, and is governed by it. Only free men, in a free economy of private property, can create or maintain it.

A good deal of what Mrs. Paterson says in her literary prose may make sense as applied to machines, but, unless the plane on which she thinks and writes is above my comprehension, much is nonsense as applied to political systems. There is no awareness of the fact that those who attempt to govern men must take account of the shifting constituents of human nature and of the fact that men collectively do not behave in the same way that they do individually. There is equally insufficient awareness of the fact that, as Harrington said long ago, the possessors of economic power are also the possessors of a good deal of political power. To one not versed in the Second Law of Thermodynamics, it is somewhat startling to find the logic of this book inveighing against publicly owned roads, tax supported education, and the Fifteenth Amendment which sought to prevent the States from denying suffrage to Negroes—taking away from them "an indispensable attribute of state sovereignty." With reference to the Income Tax Amendment we read that "there is no means by which 'the rich' can be taxed without ultimately taxing 'the poor' far more heavily." We learn that the election of senators by popular vote rather than by the state legislatures caused "the simultaneous abdication of both Houses of Congress in 1933" and that the "Standard Oil did not restrain trade."

Mrs. Paterson has some interesting remarks on what she calls the energy circuit in wartime. She says that "the real military problem of a nation is to find where the energy for war should be taken off the circuit to obtain the maximum sustained striking force in the end appliance"—that is, its use against the enemy. Her book would have been more influential if she had used her engineering analysis to discuss the maximum sustained striking force for eliminating unemployment and lessening poverty. She seems unaware of the fact that men do not starve quietly.

Sir William Harcourt once remarked that Great Britain could be governed by the permanent officials for twelve months without interference from the politicians, but that then the public would hang the heads of the civil service to the nearest lampposts. Similarly, unless they controlled the army and the police and had deprived the populace of all weapons, the engineers would become the occupants of the lampposts. But that would mean the counter-revolution and Mrs. Paterson would hate that as much as she, presumably, hates Mr. Laski's revolution by consent. Perhaps, for a while after peace comes, there will be no danger of either. Churchill once said that the test of the true greatness of a nation was what it could do when it was tired. The democracies will be terribly fatigued and they will be tempted to do little until their energies are renewed. It may again be a case of too little and too late.

Isabel Paterson

*THE GOD OF THE MACHINE. By Isabel Paterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 292 pp. $2.75.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 3

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. "B" for instance may stand for "E" and "M" for "I." The experienced cryptographer seeks first to spot the vowels, and looks for letters that recur frequently to give him his clue. The solution to Crypt No. 3 will be found in the next issue.

POPWSE VOJSG'H OGM VOWD; AZR FSG'E VSORE ODS XIEH OE PODS; —PSHKSSG HVS QDORZS OGR HVS UDOJS ZWSE O VOWDQIH OGR O EVOJS.

EOFISZ VATTSGEHSWG—
"EAGU AT TOWHV WG
HVS MSOD OTHSD GSLH."

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 2

OUR LIVES ARE MERELY STRANGE DARK INTERLUDES IN THE ELECTRICAL DISPLAY OF GOD THE FATHER!

EUGENE O'NEILL—
"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Disaster Slide

THE FALL OF PARIS. By Ilya Ehrenburg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 529 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

BAROQUE artists and writers of the seventeenth century used to portray a beautiful woman, magnificent in proportions, radiant, covered with glorious jewelry, an undecipherable smile on her lips: the World. Yet this magnificent woman was a fraud. For in her back the worms were crawling, and vermin were eating her flesh. Ehrenburg's Paris resembles this baroque portrait. The charm of France is only conjured up in order to prove that behind it was rottenness and decay. If the author, in one of his rare moods, gives us a glimpse of an afternoon in Paris, in fall, with the colors playing that tender symphony which the impressionists have revealed, it is only as a background for a new treachery committed by the Radicaux Socialists. There is another similarity between the baroque writers and the author of "The Fall of Paris": both present innumerable persons. To follow their destinies requires considerable effort on the part of the reader, and, as Ehrenburg's case seems to prove, also on the part of the writer.

This certainly does not make for unity of composition. Ehrenburg ceaselessly hurries from one character to the other, at a rate of speed which is difficult to follow. Unfortunately, the characters are hardly worth while. For Mr. Ehrenburg is not interested in creating human beings, but samples to illustrate political trends. His people are typed to the last degree. They are either rotten and weak, or honest and strong. The workers and Left-Wing people are honest and strong, though not strong enough to realize that they are being led to destruction by everybody else. This scheme not only makes for a deadly monotony: it also does not fit the reality. Although this is a review of a book and not an essay on the causes of the downfall of France, it must be stated that the French communists, quite openly, were opposed to the rearmament of France, to the production of planes, tanks and guns, even after Hitler had declared war—as long as the German-Russian pact lasted. Anybody who writes a historical novel of the fateful years of France, from 1935-1940, can simply not omit this in the interest of a minimum of accuracy. This, however, is not the important thing about Ehrenburg's book.

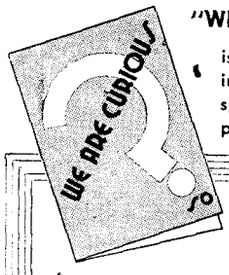
The important thing is that he can't manage his own characters. He is not able to paint with the colors of a modern El Greco the fear-inspiring picture of a nation, paralyzed by uncertainty, sliding towards disaster, betrayed by its financial and military leaders, and undermined by the enemy's omnipresent agents. Ehrenburg never delineates this situation—he has it revealed in discussions. Since the majority of his characters, according to his precept, are despicable scoundrels of major or minor calibre, we have as a result a novel in which despicable people talk for ever to other despicable people about their next despicable move.

Why an author of his ability, a man who wrote "La Vie des Autos," "L'Usine des Rêves," etc. should commit the manifold errors of this book, remains a mystery. His Frenchmen don't even sound like Frenchmen—and it's no fault of the translation. For Ehrenburg's characters, bad and good, bourgeois and communist alike, carry on constantly soul-torturing conversations, analyzing their worries with a masochistic glee which one usually connects with a samovar but not with a Paris bistro. Perhaps there is an explanation. "The Fall of Paris" may have been written to explain the fall of France to the Russian man in the street. It won the 100,000 ruble Stalin prize. It is, so to speak, written for "inner consumption," not for the world outside.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
COLOUR SCHEME *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Brash booster of New Zealand thermal resort perishes in mud pool. Mr. Septimus Falls does expert deducing.	Good background, talkative lot of quarrelsome characters, and cleverly developed plot—but not up to customary Marsh heights.	Readable
DOCTORS BEWARE *Walbridge McCully* (Crime Club: $2.)	Philandering psychiatrist, brother doctor, and porter perish in hospital before dist. att. Galbreath clinches case.	Interestingly documented yarn of fatalities in hospital for mental diseases. Criminal cleverly concealed and action constant.	Good
A VARIETY OF WEAPONS *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl photographer on Adirondack estate assignment runs into murders old and new. Sgt. Hurlstone solves them.	Dexterously administered poison and lethal poniard figure prominently in high-tension tale. Detecting deft, general effect melodramatic.	Fair



"WE ARE CURIOUS"

is a questionnaire placed in Roosevelt rooms. Responses enable us to improve our service.

"I like the Roosevelt for its friendly services without any pretentiousness—"

is the answer we get most often

ROOMS WITH BATH FROM $4.50

25% Reduction on Room Rates to Members of the Armed Forces.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

OLD MAN RIVER

"Will delight all those who like running water in their river books." N. Y. TIMES

Reminiscences of old steamboating days on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers

by ROBERT HEREFORD

illus.

2nd printing $3.50

THE CAXTON PRINTERS, LTD., CALDWELL, IDAHO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Domestication or Caninization?

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES. Edited by Jack Goodman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 591 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE weak point in this sumptuous collection of thirty-seven of the best modern dog stories is Jack Goodman's prefatory explanation of how the dog happens to be the dog, man's best friend, etc. (Thurber has doubts.)

Goodman's view, and that of the average naive and uninformed observer, is that after Neolithic man had attempted to domesticate the triceratops and various other Dawn Age tanks, he found that they would not fit under the piano and that their romps with baby resulted in flat babies and floor wax, which was undesirable on the dirt floor of caves. Hence the cocker spaniel, which merely makes the house shake with its tread, devours eighty-eight ration coupons a week, and will gladly wash the face of any baby that has not been thoroughly sprayed with Bordeaux Mixture.

The essential error here is that what happened back in the Neolithic was something like this:

My Ancestor: Hello, dog. That is a juicy looking piece of megalosaurus.

My Cocker's Ancestor: Is it? It is his right small toe and the rest of the babe is heavy on my stomach. Do you want it?

My Ancestor (who has not eaten, or done a lick of work for a month): Well-l-l—if you don't want too much for it.

M.C. Anc.: If you would kind of fix me up about rain and thunder we could bring your folks a pretty heapin' of pheasant, ducks, etcetera. And when you have cleaned up the bone you might throw it for me.

My Anc.: The bone? Certainly—but why do you want the bone?

A.C. Anc.: Thousands of years from now the Dodgers might need an outfielder. I like to keep in practice.

So that it is obvious that what happened was not the domestication of the dog but the caninization of the man. Virtually all of the men I know well enough to care about have been caninized and have to be strangled severely before they will let me tell about my dogs, Wimpy and Hamlet.

The proof of this theory is that here is a very grand collection from the works of most of our best modern writers—all caninized—France, Thurber, Kipling, Maeterlinck, E. B. White, Mann, Don Marquis, Stevenson, Dunsany, Galsworthy, Stephen Crane, O. Henry, G. B. Stern, and so on.

And if, after spending three meagre bones for this generous work, you think that the caninization theory is tenuous, go out and count the dogs who are reading Frazer, Margaret Mead, Westermaarck, Keane, and the various other works on men. The dogs know all they need to about Pope's proper study.

I must go now and get a kibble biscuit. Hamlet still hasn't tamed that electric light man.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Launcelot. "Idylls of the King," by Tennyson. 2. Mark, in "Tristan and Isolde," by Wagner. 3. Menelaus, in Greek legend. 4. "Enoch Arden," by Tennyson. 5. "Monna Vanna," by Maeterlinck. 6. Maggie Wylie Shand, in "What Every Woman Knows," by J. M. Barrie. 7. George Babbitt, in "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis. 8. Robert Crosby, in "The Letter," by Somerset Maugham. 9. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 10. Archibald Carlyle, in "East Lynne," by Ellen Price Wood. 11. "Candida," by G. B. Shaw. 12. Frank Kennedy, in "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 13. Count Vronsky, in "Anna Karenina," by Tolstoi. 14. "Carmen," by Prosper Merimee. 15. Godfrey Cass, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot. 16. Ichabod Crane, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving. 17. Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," by W. M. Thackeray. 18. Diomed, in "Troilus and Cressida," by Shakespeare. 19. Dr. Ned Darrell, in "Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. 20. Leo, in "Design for Living," by Noel Coward. 21. Gaylord Esterbrook, in "No Time for Comedy," by S. N. Behrman. 22. Stephen Haines, in "The Women," by Claire Boothe. 23. Philip Bosinney, in "The Man of Prosperity," by John Galsworthy. 24. Nick Papadakis, in "The Postman Always Rings Twice," by James M. Cain. 25. Mary Wallace, in "To Mary With Love," by Richard Sherman.

The Infralabialis Art of Mr. Benchley

BENCHLEY BESIDE HIMSELF. By Robert Benchley. With Drawings by Gluyas Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE ossification, petrifaction, and stratification of Robert Benchley goes on apace. Hardly was the great man comfortably ensconced in the American Heaven—whence he was translated without the loss of his physical equipage, arriving in Hollywood minus nothing but a toothbrush he left in the station in Chicago than his publishers, gnawing at the portals of immortality, began to examine the caves he had inhabited, searching for fossils. They found plenty; some inside, as in "Inside Benchley," some outside, which have yet to be classified, since they were mixed up with his son's freshman themes, and some beside him.

"Isn't dunking permissible if you keep your fingers dry?"

Here are such interesting brachiopods as "The Treasurer's Report," "A Good Old-Fashioned Christmas," "Cleaning Out the Desk," "Another Uncle Edith Christmas Story," and a good many others you will recall from the age when it was no surprise at all to see a pterodactyl flying by your window carrying a quart of gin to the Benchley apartment. Remember the brontosaurus who used to sit in an East Side speakeasy drinking martinis and writing on the tablecloth? That was Benchley, always the historian, composing "Community Singing," "African Sculpture," "The Homelike Hotel," and "The Bathroom Revolution." What would our history of the times be without these illuminating theses?

Geologists tell us that occasionally an upheaval takes place on the earth's surface which so quickly coats over a way of life that the record is preserved intact, stratified. Something like that, on a small scale, happened to Pompeii. On a rather large scale it has happened to the social world that existed between 1919 and 1939. It's a fortunate thing that Benchley, suffering from insomnia, carved the whole story on the walls of his cave. We don't have to wait for somebody to dig up the Time Capsule.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A United Nations Story

THE PEOPLE'S PEACE. By Representatives of the United Nations. New York: George W. Stewart. 1943. 264 *pp. Index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

ALL over the United States clubs, classes, and other groups are examining the international problems we must face before the end of the war if we are to win the peace. It is now pretty generally understood by thoughtful Americans that what happens in the rest of the world—especially after the war—has a direct bearing on all of us. The study of international relations is not an academic matter to be relegated to ivy walls and cloistered libraries. It is for the banker, the manufacturer, the farmer, the mechanic, the housewife—for the mothers and fathers of the children who, unless there is a people's peace, are being groomed for World War III.

Students of international relations these days are confronted with the choice of material. They are being overwhelmed by the stream of printed matter, foreign and domestic, which confuses further an already complex and bewildering situation. Anything, therefore, which aids the student in his selective approach to the study of the war and the peace renders a public service. This is that kind of a book.

"The People's Peace" does not claim to be definitive. It is simply ground work. Its selections do not aim to persuade the reader to follow a special point of view. Some of the twenty-eight representatives quoted have the right to speak officially; others have not. Some of them are vague; they speak in generalities. Others are specific. Such a representative is the Belgian Deputy, Dr. Van Cauwelaert. He puts Belgium's war aims in these concise words: "restoration of her independence; guarantees of her frontiers; maintenance of her colonial empire; and the benefits of an international economic order which will allow her to reap the rewards of honest labor." Not only does he speak in an official capacity, he says exactly what he means. His words leave no doubt as to where the Belgians stand on peace objectives.

Among the United Nations spokesmen included in this book are heads of government; President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, Premier Smuts, Queen Whilhelmina, and Joseph Stalin; Foreign Ministers Padilla of Mexico, Anthony Eden of Britain, and Jan Masaryk of Czechoslovakia; world figures with personal followings like Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Wendell Willkie.

To us here in America some of the most inspiring pages in the volume contain the words of Mexico's brilliant Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla. They are part of his epoch-making address to the Consultation of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the American Republics in Rio de Janeiro, January 15, 1942. It was the speech which swayed the meeting and carried the day for Hemisphere coöperation. His dynamic Pan-Americanism won from the Brazilians the title of "the American man of the future."

"If we can," said Dr. Padilla, "united together, begin to live a truly Pan American life, how great a wealth of blessings will be showered upon the Americas!" Farther on he said: "The peoples of the Americas listen to the voice of democracy and hear us when we summon them to the defense of the American spirit." And finally: "We all realize that we are face to face with destiny. This is a rendezvous in history that we may not fail to meet." Dr. Padilla's words galvanized the assembly; the Rio conference of 1942 will go down in history as a milestone on the road toward Pan-Americanism.

International Law in Action

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE, 1920-1942. By Manley O. Hudson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 807 *pp.* $7.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

THOSE readers who have seen international law and international legal coöperation at work during the armistice between the two world wars and who have taken part in the labors of the men to whom the Permanent Court meant the fulfillment of an old dream and the promise of a better future will study Judge Hudson's admirable book with mixed feelings*. Behind the legal case history they will see the shattered hopes of men from all countries (including Germany and Italy) who had collaborated in the effort to lay the groundwork for a lasting peace founded on justice. They will remember how much had been accomplished and how much destroyed in the turmoil of our time. These memories are saddening indeed. But, at the same time, this book will make its reader realize again that the history of the Permanent Court of International Justice as one of the principal organs of the League of Nations justifies the hope that out of the ashes of this war's destruction a new and enduring building of international justice and goodwill will arise. In the coming period of an undeclared peace and later in the slowly growing community of nations, this structure will be of paramount importance. In these days, it has become fashionable to disregard the part which international law will play in the battle to win the peace. Downright ignorance is responsible for the fact that the vast majority of the countless proposals for post-war reconstruction either neglect entirely the role of international law or deal with it in mere generalities.

Such reflections explain, in the opinion of this reviewer, why Hudson's commentary deserves to be read (and I mean, read; in spite of being a volume of 800 pages!) not only by the small group of jurists and students of international law. The peace-makers of tomorrow can ill afford the dilettantism and downright ignorance of which we spoke. Take the protection of minorities, to mention one instance at random. An intelligent and constructive approach to the manifold problems involved is impossible without a thorough knowledge of the jurisdiction of the Permanent Court. Hudson's judicious commentary must be regarded as the authoritative, outstanding guide to anyone who seeks to acquire this knowledge.

These and other observations are occasioned by the reading of Hudson's treatise, but they cannot possibly fulfill the purpose of doing justice to an important work. A satisfactory review would have to deal with many details of interest to the jurist but somewhat alien to the general reader. The sketchy observations of this reviewer are made for the purpose of calling the intention of a certain group of the "general reader" class to a field unfortunately neglected by most of them and to a book that will serve as an ideal guide should they decide to look behind the curtain of the legal mind.

*By way of a footnote, we might add that the author has held the Bemis Professorship of International Law at the Harvard Law School for more than twenty years. A member of the American Delegation to negotiate peace in 1919, he became a member of the legal section of the League and served as legal advisor to many international conferences. In 1933 he was appointed a member of the International Court of Arbitration, and in 1936 he was elected a judge of the World Court to succeed Frank B. Kellogg.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

THE enclosed short-short essay (reading time thirty seconds) has been sent me by that sage educator and animator of letters, Burgess Johnson, of Union College, Schenectady, New York. It seems to me that this expression (as F.P.A. used to abbreviate such phrases) f. a. l. f. w.:

To All Friends to Whom I Owe Letters:

Affixing a stamp to a letter always thrills me. I am sending to someone else a small fragment of myself, and commanding my Government's coöperation. Dropping the letter into a post-box is even more stirring, for I know that it is about to ignore space and bridge distance. It may be an ambassador empowered to reach agreements, or an arbiter to dispel misunderstandings, or a confidential messenger to whisper secrets. There is such power in that folded bit of paper, which seems already winging its way the instant I release it, that my fingers relax their hold lingeringly, so I may gain the full flavor of the act.

Mailing a letter, in fact, so thrills me that I wish I could ever find the time to write one.

—BURGESS JOHNSON.

I wish to thank, for a very kind letter, Grace Harvard Phillips of Los Angeles, California. Part of her letter, concerning the word "palimpsest," I should like to quote here:

In the "Spring Issue"—and now Spring is past, and "Summer is icumen in," (that's O. E. perfect tense, Fadiman says)—you had reference to the word "palimpsest" in poetry. Yes, it takes this long for the *S.R.L.* to come and be read, and a letter to be written. For one thing, had to get and re-read "H. D.'s" poetic novel "Palimpsest." Read the first time years ago, I had been under the mistaken impression that it was written by Richard Aldington.

But here is the beautiful poem of D. H. Lawrence in which that word occurs with meaning and force:

TWILIGHT

Darkness comes out of the earth
And swallows dip into the pallor of the west;
From the hay comes the clamor of children's mirth;
Wanes the old palimpsest.

The night-stock oozes scent,
And a moon-blue moth goes flittering by:
All that the worldly day has meant
Wastes like a lie.

The children have forsaken their play;
A single star in a veil of light
Glimmers: litter of day
Is gone from sight.

You will recall that I spoke some time ago of Eleanor Presson of Manchester and also of the Sawyer Free Library of Gloucester, Massachusetts. We are up that way now again, I and the Juvenile Expert, and so I am glad to print here a story Mrs. Presson has sent me of one of her adventures as a librarian. I have changed the names in it, but it is entirely authentic:

She comes to the library every day, usually around closing time—sometimes her brother Tony comes too and her sisters Tessa and Trina. Carlotta is about twelve years old, poorly dressed, but clean. Unfortunately, the same can not be said for her brothers and sisters. But Carlotta has an instinctive sense of order and neatness anyway. She has black straight hair and the look of someone always searching for something. She told me at the very beginning that she always kept her books in the ice-chest for safe keeping. It was Carlotta's sense of order that led us to become so well acquainted. She seemed a little possessed about straightening the books. Five o'clock in the Junior Department finds the whole room in great chaos, the shelves all mixed up, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" where "Alice in Wonderland" should be and vice versa, the magazine table piled high with encyclopedias, mittens, and gum wrappers, and the Easy Book Section—well, words can not describe what that looks like. All this is displeasing to Carlotta. She glances about the untidy room, and suddenly, she attacks! First she bangs the books on the shelves together, and the noise echoes in the quiet room. (I found out later that she was deaf and couldn't hear all this.) Then she pushes the books back on the shelves as far as they will go. I view this with alarm, because it is a strict rule at the Sawyer Free Library that the books should be kept in a straight row one-half inch from the edge of the shelves. I got it from Miss Flatley, the present librarian, she got it from Miss Shute, librarian before her, Miss Shute got it from Miss Phillips, and I think Miss Phillips got it from God. Anyway, it is all very important. So I explained to Carlotta about it and she seemed to agree. Once she understood my method, she swung over to it with no trouble at all. She talks very little; we work together silently; but there is a feeling of companionship between us. Anyway, at five o'clock in the evening on a rainy day in March, I'd just as soon be quiet—very quiet. When the room is in perfect order, we stand back and survey it, probably a little smugly—Carlotta puts on her coat and brings her books to the desk to be stamped out. She likes books with lots of pictures, her favorites are old Encyclopedias and illustrated Bible stories. I stamp the books and she takes them up, usually goes to the waste basket to put one last piece of scrap paper in, walks to the door, turns, smiles at me in a way that lights up her whole face and says, "Bye!" I say "Thank you very much, Carlotta!" Sometimes she says nothing; sometimes, "I come again tomorrow night."

One day when Mrs. McRae was taking my department, it must have been my day off I guess, Carlotta appeared with a man. At first the two just stood in front of the desk looking frightened, then Carlotta said something to the man in Italian and he pulled some papers from his pocket and handed them to Mrs. McRae. Carlotta said, "You fill 'em up?" The papers turned out to be some very official ones, that all aliens had to present at the Post Office. The man was Carlotta's father, and poor Mr. Cacciatori could neither read or write. Apparently Margaret felt that we would help her father to make out the papers. Mrs. MacRae typed them up for Mr. Cacciatori, told him to be sure and take the information to the Post Office, and they were off.

The next day I was at the library and Carlotta came in with her mother. Mrs. Cacciatori was a little woman with black hair pulled straight back from her forehead and knotted on top. In her ears she wore tiny gold ear rings. She, too, had alien papers to make out. She kept saying "You help? You help? My God, my God they put me in jail!" I assured her that they wouldn't, asked her the questions on the form, filled them out for her, and sent her on her way. Just before she went out Mrs. Cacciatori asked, "You like fish? *My man go fishing, he bring* you big fish!" She stretched her arms to show just how big. I said quickly that I didn't like fish. I could see myself walking to the train carrying some huge fish, fresh caught, and wrapped in an old *Gloucester Times*. My refusal of the gift didn't seem to bother her. She said good-bye; then, "Lady, you help me. God will help you." I was pleased to know that.

About a week later I was called to the telephone and someone said in a high, excited voice "You kind lady at library?" I almost said "I work in the library; but I don't know how kind I am." But then I thought I wouldn't. I just said "This is Mrs. Presson, children's librarian." The voice said, "You know Carlotta Cacciatori?" I said, "Yes." The voice said, "I'm her aunt." I thought, "Oh well!" It seemed that Carlotta's aunt wanted me to write her a letter to the City Hall in Lowell, Mass., so that she could get her birth certificate to take out citizenship papers. I told her to come up and I would write the letter for her, but not to tell *anyone* that the children's librarian did any such secretarial work on the side, at practically the drop of a hat!

Mrs. Cacciatori came again, though. This time it was a form from the rationing board to get some rubber boots for Mr. Cacciatori. He has a job now with a contractor, because as an Italian alien he is not allowed to fish on his own. Carlotta came with her mother, all smiles, once more requesting that I "fill 'em up!" I did it gladly. I was glad to know that Mr. Cacciatori had found work.

—Eleanor Presson

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

ANTI-SLANGERS, how do you like this that I came across inadvertently in wandering among Whitman's prose? From "November Boughs" (1888), captioned "Slang in America":

> The science of language has large and close analogues in geological science, with its ceaseless evolution, its fossils, and its numberless submerged layers and hidden strata, the infinite go-before of the present. Or, perhaps language is more like some vast living body, or perennial body of bodies. And slang not only brings the first feeders of it, but is afterward the start of fancy, imagination and humor, breathing into its nostrils the breath of life.

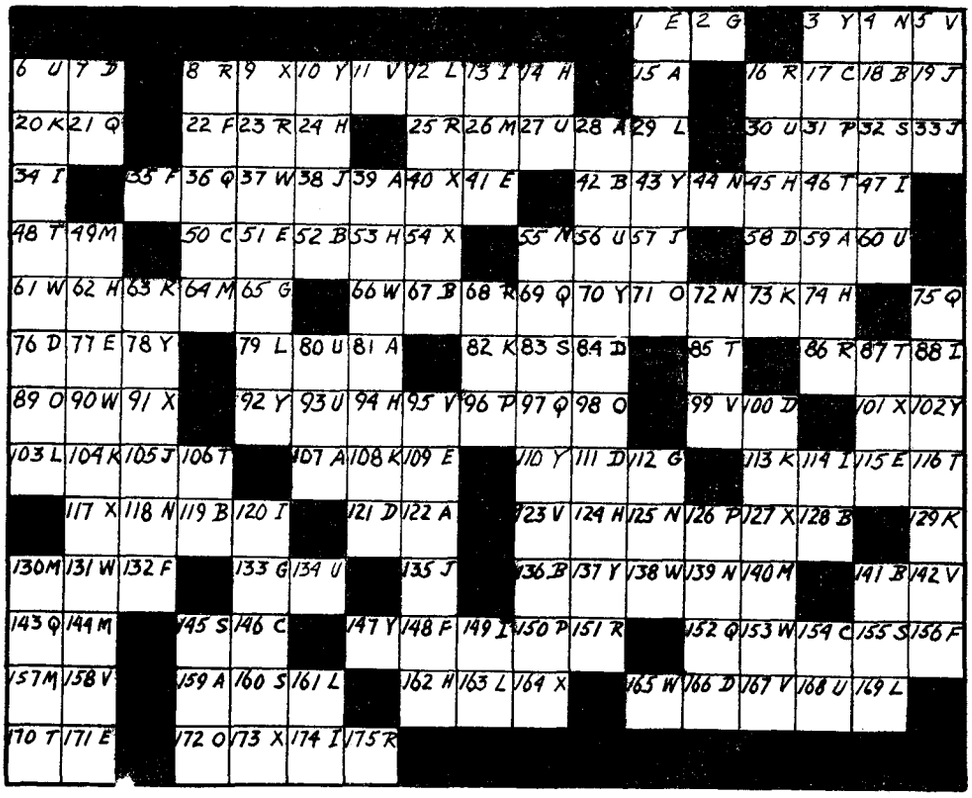
George W. Lyon's article on slang still awaits *SRL* publication, but meanwhile, in writing to express his enjoyment of Will Irwin's letter, he is reminded of a definition of "highbrow," which won for him a *Forum* prize in '26, and which should tickle even that sinner's fancy: The highbrow is a highly developed specimen of the genus *homo,* species *sapiens.* He is more *sapiens* than *homo.* He remembers Mark Twain's definition of cauliflower as "cabbage with a college education" and considers himself a cauliflower in the human cabbage patch. All that Hamlet did was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." All that the highbrow does is sicklied over with his own supercilious sense of superiority. Hamlet said, "Twas caviar to the general" and so says the highbrow as he orders a caviar sandwich and looks with contempt on his fellow mortals eating ham sandwiches. Of course, this does not apply to our DC genus!

To you time-keepers: Send in your statistics *for the week's DC on a postal* and I'll see what this column can do for you. Send it direct to my address*. A note from our distinguished playwright, Elmer Rice, hard-working but sufficiently interested to keep in touch with us, serves as a fitting introduction:

"In general I should say that it takes about as long to do one of the puzzles as it does to smoke a good-sized after-luncheon cigar; that is, from twenty-five to forty-five minutes. Forty, I think, would be the average. An hour is about the outside a busy person can spare. If you haven't solved it in that time, put it away, and wait for next week's issue of the *SRL,* or look up the answer in the back of the book, as the case may be. My time figures are based upon the solution of about a thousand of the puzzles. I've been stuck a dozen, or maybe twenty times—mostly in the early days, before I got the hang of the thing. NEEDLESS TO SAY, NO REFERENCE BOOKS!"

E. S. K.

*353 West 57th St., N. Y. City (Room 1425).



Double-Crostics: No. 485

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 6 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The crowning or finishing part of a thing.

B. Swallowed up; engrossed.

C. The predecessor of whist.

D. To stop or close, as an opening.

E. High shell explosive, chiefly pitric acid.

F. Type of small pleasure vessel.

G. Night (Norse Myth.)

H. English humorous novelist (1881-).

I. A beautiful shepherd youth who sleeps forever.

J. A fold, lobe, as of the ear or lungs.

K. Private infliction of punishment for crime without due process by law (2 wds.)

L. A weak-minded, stupid fellow.

M. It is rumored (2 wds.)

N. A kind of English bobbin lace.

O. An elder poetic or a younger prose Icelandic (Norse) work.

P. Wholly engrossed in feeling, meditation, etc.

Q. Greatness of undertaking (obs.)

R. Gives authority to.

S. Sly and cute; foxy.

T. American inventor (1888-).

U. For use on short journeys.

V. Cramped (comp.)

W. Heroic King of Sparta.

X. The farthest extent or reach.

Y. Braced firmly; propped.

WORDS

28 15 39 107 59 81 159 122

42 141 128 52 18 67 119 136

154 17 50 146

121 166 84 111 100 76 58 7

51 171 77 41 1 115 109

132 148 22 156 35

2 133 112 65

24 94 14 74 124 53 45 162 62

13 149 47 34 88 114 174 120

33 135 19 38 105 57

129 104 82 73 108 20 63 113

79 163 12 29 169 103 161

144 26 157 140 64 130 49

4 125 55 118 139 44 72

89 172 98 71

126 31 96 150

21 75 152 36 69 143 97

151 86 16 23 25 68 175 8

155 145 83 160 32

116 85 170 48 87 46 106

56 168 60 6 134 27 30 80 93

123 167 99 11 5 158 142 95

61 153 66 90 37 131 165 138

127 164 91 40 54 117 173 101 9

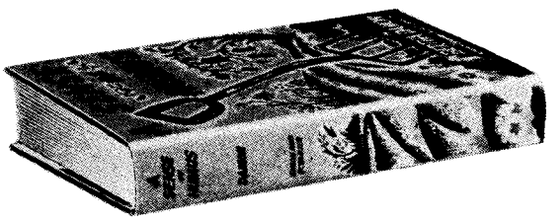
110 137 3 102 43 78 92 70 10 147

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SENSE OF HUMUS
by Bertha Damon

This is the new book by the author of Grandma Called it Carnal. Wisely and wittily, it tells of the pleasures of living in the country, of the vicissitudes of gardening, of working with the hired man, of raising dogs, of visiting with the neighbors. Says John Kieran, "This is a swell book. I enjoyed not only the atmosphere, but the artistry all the way through."

Price, $2.50



I TOOK A WAR JOB
by Josephine von Miklos

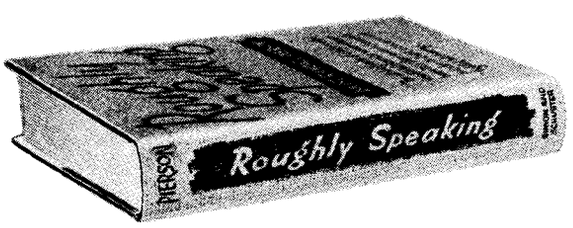
A year ago Josephine von Miklos was a successful commercial designer and photographer, with a penthouse studio. Today she is a machinist in a war plant, getting up at 5 A.M. and working side by side with hard-boiled laborers. Her story, blessed with humor and gusto, is the first report on what a war-winning job is like—for every other woman who wants to get in there and pitch.

Just published, $2.00

ROUGHLY SPEAKING
by Louise Randall Pierson

The autobiography of a high-spirited, uninhibited American woman who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and, when she lost it, came up not only fighting but cheering. It is also a hilarious, running-fire commentary on the more ludicrous sides of American life from the gay 90's to the present. "A lively, candid, sometimes exasperatingly interesting book."—*Time.*

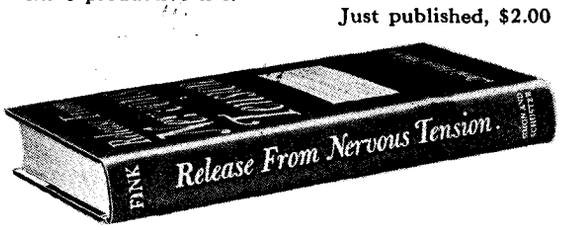
Just published, $2.50



RELEASE FROM NERVOUS TENSION
by David Harold Fink, M.D.

If you are a victim of war nerves, or any other kind of nerves, this new book, by a practicing neuropsychiatrist, will give you an entire new outlook. Its friendly instructions will help you banish nervousness, show you ways to relax, and give you a happier and more productive life.

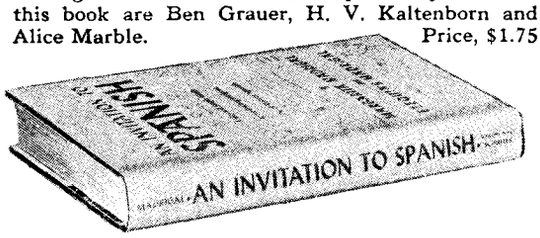
Just published, $2.00



AN INVITATION TO SPANISH
by Margarita & Ezequias Madrigal

This is a gay and simple guide to the reading and speaking of modern Spanish. You start right in, on the first page, reading and understanding Spanish by means of entertaining prose and simple pictures. Among those who have studied Spanish by means of this book are Ben Grauer, H. V. Kaltenborn and Alice Marble.

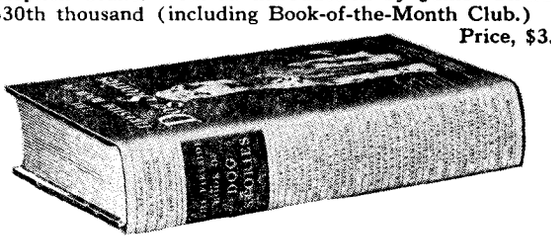
Price, $1.75



THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES
Edited by Jack Goodman

This Great Dane among anthologies contains virtually every great story ever written about dogs. There are two complete novels, three novelettes and thirty-two short stories by writers as varied as Jack London, Booth Tarkington and Stephen Crane. With an introduction by James Thurber. 330th thousand (including Book-of-the-Month Club.)

Price, $3.00



SIMON AND SCHUSTER • PUBLISHERS • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED